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PIUS X.

II.

DURING the long pontificate of Leo XIII, the spectre which stood, as it were, behind every French Minister's desk, which shadowed every transaction between the French Government and the Vatican, and almost seemed to paralyze free action, was that one ever recurring fear, threat, dread—call it by whatever name we will—the suppression of the famous Napoleonic treaty, commonly called "the Concordat." To whisper that dreadful word was to supply not only a "*raison d'être*, but an imperative necessity for yielding to every pressure, every demand, from an almost avowedly infidel government, and with that prudence which must needs form so large a part of every diplomatist's mental equipment, Leo XIII successfully guided the bark of Peter throughout a long and eventful pontificate, without that whisper taking voice before the world.

For the abolition of the Concordat meant, as he doubtless deemed it, the de-Christianization of France. It meant the suppression of the budget of public worship, the closing of the French Embassy to the Vatican, and of the Nunciature in Paris, the seizure of ecclesiastical buildings, and the rupture of all relations between Church and State; in a word, an almost inconceivable collapse of the *status quo*.

But Pius X beholds the matter from a different point of view. A short time ago, one of the French Archbishops, whether on a suggested or a self-imposed mission we may not know, sought an audience of the Holy Father upon this very question, having just paid a visit to the Cardinal Bishop of Padua, Pius X's oldest and best friend, and the personage, of all others, who is believed to have most influence with him.

Mgr. Fuzet, then, presented himself before the Holy Father, and ventured to set forth the dangers of too *intransigeant* a line of action. An attitude too unyielding, too unsystematically hostile to the actual government in France, would, he argued, afford to the Combes ministry a clear pretext for further persecutions.

"Deus providebit!" was the laconic comment of the Pontiff.

The Archbishop continued, or attempted to continue, his argument. "A rupture between France and the Holy See might even follow . . ."

"Deus providebit!" again reiterated Pius X; and, according to the reporter of the interview, no further reply could the baffled ecclesiastic obtain.

"God will provide!" The answer of Abraham to Isaac, as they wended their way side by side to the place of sacrifice. If the eldest daughter of the Church, like another Isaac, is to be bound hand and foot to the altar of sacrifice, God will see that the sacrifice is not unto death.

We have referred, just now, to Pius X's "oldest and best friend," the present Cardinal Bishop of Padua, where St. Anthony the Wonder-worker has his native shrine; and it is probable that no future biographical notice of that Pontiff will be worthy of the name, which does not include among its *dramatis personae* the name of Mgr. Callegari. He is a Venetian, born and bred; a professor of theology and literature at its seminary in earlier days, and later on Bishop of Treviso, a small see in the north of Italy, where, succeeding Mgr. Tinelli in 1880, he found, as Chancellor and acting Vicar-General, the pious priest who was afterwards destined to rule the Universal Church.

A firm and lasting friendship quickly sprang up between the two men, and when some time later Mgr. Callegari was transferred to the more important see of Padua, and was consulted by Leo XIII and requested to report on the qualifications of the Abbé Sarto, Chancellor and Vicar-General of his former see, his reply was couched in the following remarkable terms: "He is well fitted, not only to make an excellent bishop, but, should the opportunity occur, a Pope!"

His admiration indeed for his colleague was so profound that

when he himself was designated as candidate for the Patriarchate of Venice, he contrived to pass on the nomination to his brother bishop, and it was thus that Giuseppe Sarto became Patriarch of Venice, doubtless much against his will, as even the humbler episcopal seat of Mantua had only been conferred on him by the determined action of his ecclesiastical superiors, who suppressed the usual preliminary documents, and handed him the final authoritative *biglietto* when all resistance was in vain.

Since the election of Pius X their mutual affection and friendship have in no wise diminished. The Bishop of Padua has been offered, and has declined, both the Patriarchate of Venice, and the Secretaryship of State. His august friend has, however, now prevailed upon him to accept a cardinal's hat, and it is the *on dit* of ecclesiastical circles that any request or favor coming through Mgr. Callegari to the Pope is more likely of acceptance than through any other channel.

Students of the earlier portion of the Pontiff's career, more especially of the nine years of his Venetian Patriarchate, may perhaps be less sure than was the world in 1903, that Cardinal Sarto "had no care for politics;" and a prominent journalist who traced his active influence on public affairs in that stately city, once the centre of oligarchical despotism, has told the world in an article in the *Tribuna* that "where the Patriarch's work showed itself most vigorously, most amply, most fortunately, and has brought him his great reputation, the reputation of a strong, tenacious, silent, able, and dominant will, *was in politics.* For he was eminently a political Patriarch."

A remark of his own, made only a day or two before the opening of Conclave to the Abbé Vercesi, one of the leaders in Italy of the "Christian Democrats," points in the same direction. Speaking of the coming election and the qualification most desirable in the new Pope to be chosen, he said to the Abbé: "A pious Pope! It would be a wonderful thing, indeed, to see a Pope who was *not* pious! But those who make use of this expression, dream of a Pope who should live in a kind of sacred twilight, occupying himself mainly in bestowing benedictions here and there, but with absolutely no social influence. No! it is not that kind of Pope that we want! Catholicism must exercise the whole of its

social influence; in these days above all, it should not keep in the background, but should come forward."

At the time that the Bishop of Mantua, the Pontiff, took possession of the Patriarchal chair in 1894, the municipal authority was entirely in the hands of the anti-clerical party; but only eight months later the tact and strength of will of the new prelate had so transformed the whole tone of the civic administration that his liberal *junto* was replaced by a moderate-clerical one, under the recognized influence of the Cardinal Patriarch.

His Venetian clergy, no less than his people, seem ever to have been, not only devoted, but perfectly submissive, to their Bishop; they could not indeed have ventured to be otherwise, for he, though so touchingly humble, generous, and kindly toward all, made his authority felt throughout his diocese, from the least to the greatest, in a manner only possible to a man of strong will as well as accurate judgment. To any argument, any objection advanced to him, he listened with the utmost patience; but at the end his words were brief: "I have weighed every thing well. Now, I say, it shall be thus."

To some friends who had begged for the visit of a certain priest of his diocese, he writes: "On the condition that on Wednesday the 16th he has returned, *living or dead*, from Sicily, I give him permission to go."

On the subject of the use of the bicycle by his clergy, he expresses himself in terms as vigorous as they are unequivocal. "Nothing appears to me more contrary to the dignity of an ecclesiastic than to seat oneself astride a machine of that kind; such an attitude is not in harmony with the dignity becoming one's state of life. . . . I know that the bicycle has, even among the clergy, very warm partisans who belaud its usefulness; nevertheless, I do not hesitate to proscribe its use. Some people may perhaps consider that these are small matters, unworthy to occupy our minds. Let them talk; they are not charged with the government of the Church; that is the business of the bishops, under the guidance of the Holy Ghost. And as long as the Pope has not pronounced upon this point, either personally or by the Congregations, my orders against it will remain in force."

One sees that, as M. de Narfon words it, "Cardinal Sarto

knew how to impose his own will on others, even in the smallest details, and whatever may have been the strength or the weakness of his arguments, to their conclusion, at least, he suffered no reply." Notwithstanding, however, the firmness of his episcopal rule, it was always abundantly evident that the predominant characteristic of Giuseppe Sarto, as priest, as bishop, as Patriarch, and finally as Pope, has been, and is, an unutterably tender, loving kindness and abundant charity. It seems too the peculiar charm of Pius X that he knows how to mingle the perfection of apostolic simplicity with the dignity due to his sacred office, just as his vigorous justice and inflexible will yet leave room for the most loving and delicate consideration for others.

While Patriarch of Venice his daily life was one of extreme simplicity, as we have all heard again and again; one of those bishops who had, as the saying is, "a heart of gold but a crozier of wood." His predecessor had owned, and used daily, a magnificently ornamented gondola with four gondoliers, whose skilled strokes bore it swiftly hither and thither at will; but Cardinal Sarto contented himself with one of the hired gondolas, which ply up and down the canals at the service of all. Anything more sumptuous would indeed have seemed out of place in a household where the daily fare was prepared and served by the sisters of the Patriarch, and where, according to Dom Perosi (their most frequent visitor), the episcopal ring itself made certain visits to the pawnshop from time to time, when necessity arose, or in response to some appeal for charity.

How the Venetian people loved him! And how they would look out for that modest gondola, pressing as closely as might be to it, in the hope of a kindly salutation or a gesture of benediction; while its occupant wended his way through the watery by-paths or side canals of his quaint city, intent on some simple shopping expedition, in which his pious delight was to seek out certain shops which he had heard were in financial difficulties, possibly even on the verge of bankruptcy, to spend what money he had "and more than he could afford," with them, encouraging them the while with cheerful words.

"It is *il nostro Sior Beppo*," would the people say, in answer to some chance inquiries; and "*Viva il Sior Beppo! Viva il*

Papa !" were the cries on that summer day in 1903 when a whole fleet of gondolas followed the one which took their Patriarch to the railway station, whence he was to take the train for Rome,—the Conclave, and the Tiara! never to return!

We all know the story of the famous "return-ticket" taken on this occasion, one-half of which lies still unused within the Pontifical purse. It is said that recently an Englishman begged it of his Holiness, offering a substantial sum in exchange, but the Pontiff shook his head, exclaiming laughingly "Mi servì! Mi serve!" much to the Englishman's disappointment.

It is needless to say that the daily life of Pius X is extremely simple and regular. He rises at five, dresses alone, and his valet, when he enters at 5.30, usually finds him reciting his breviary. At six o'clock he says his Mass, and then takes a cup of *café au lait*, and goes out into the garden to pay a visit to the Grotto of Lourdes installed there by Leo XIII. After about an hour's stroll in the fresh air, he returns to his study and begins the work of the day. At midday he dines, on soup, boiled beef or chicken, vegetables, and fruit. Then an hour's rest, and more audiences, or business interviews, and the usual work with the secretaries. At six o'clock in the evening he goes to the long gallery called "the loggia of the Maps," and either gives audiences to various groups of visitors, or walks up and down alone for some time. At nine he sups, finishes the recital of his breviary, and reads the newspapers of the day, until half-past ten, when he retires for the night.

Up to the time of Leo XIII, and with the rarest exceptions, throughout his reign, etiquette required that visitors to the Pope should approach him only after three genuflections,—one just within the doorway, one a little farther on, and one at his feet, before kissing the Papal slipper. The Pope remained seated in his chair, and the ordinary visitor remained on his knees, replying only when addressed. Now, however, the genuflections and the kissing of the Papal foot are done away with; Pius X will not allow his visitors to remain on their knees, and even occasionally rises to receive them, while he still oftener conducts them to the door on leaving, and opens it himself. He has also inaugurated the innovation of causing the prelates and consultors at a congre-

gational meeting *coram Pontifice* to be seated, instead of standing as heretofore; and a still greater innovation has taken place with regard to meals, which no Pope, of recent years at least, had taken in company with others. Pius X, however, accustomed as he was to a simple family dinner with his sisters in the Venetian palace, has refused to be bound by such stringent rules; he not only dines daily with his secretary, Mgr. Bressari, but often invites his sisters, the Cardinal Secretary of State, and other distinguished personages to his table.

One day, an American pilgrimage, conducted by Cardinal Gibbons, was admitted to view the Vatican gardens. After visiting the gardens they expressed a desire to see the Pope, and could by no means understand the exigencies of courtly etiquette which required long notice and official arrangements. So their Cardinal guide hastily penciled a few words upon one of his own cards, and sent it up to the Pontiff. Only a few moments passed, and then the delighted Americans beheld a white-robed figure approaching them, quite unceremoniously, accompanied only by one or two prelates. He came across the wide garden space, as smilingly and as unceremoniously as any modern host in his own grounds, and when the American Cardinal would fain have fallen on his knees, the Pope opened his arms and gave him the fraternal *accolade* of one bishop to another, amid a frantic burst of irrepressible "hurrahs" from the pilgrims.

In point of fact, Pius X loves to wander alone in his large gardens, to recite his breviary, or meditate in solitude, and breathe the fresh air, which is all the freedom now remaining to him of his erewhile lengthy rambles by the Lido, or dashes into the cool, deep waters of the Adriatic. Leo XIII never left his apartments or went to the gardens without escort, and so the first time that the new Pope betook himself to the gardens alone, his chamberlain hurriedly despatched two "Noble Guards" after him, whom, as it happened, the Pope had just informed that he would dispense with their services on this occasion. The chamberlain in question *did not repeat the experiment.*

Another somewhat unnecessary point of etiquette forbade the Pope to wear a watch; and former Pontiffs have been obliged to inquire the time, when necessary, from some member of their suite.

But Pius X has a watch,—a nickel one, such as schoolboys wear. And he uses it, like any ordinary individual amongst us. Moreover, a certain bishop once suggesting that he might exchange it for a valuable gold watch, of which he begged his Holiness' acceptance, Pius X quietly replied: "This watch marked the moments of my mother's last agony. What jewel could be more precious to me?"

But we must linger no longer on the threshold of this still new pontificate, fraught with who knows what momentous issues for the Church and the world. "In any case," as someone within his own immediate entourage observed the other day to M. Boyer d'Agen, "in any case, you can tell your people that this Pope, like Pius VI, like Pius VII, like Pius IX, is ready for everything; in a different way, perhaps, from theirs, but with the same insurmountable will."

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CATHOLIC PROSPECTS IN RUSSIA.

CATHOLICS who prize before all else the interests of Christ's kingdom on earth, cannot but be interested about the issues of the Russian-Japanese war, in so far principally as those issues are likely to affect the question of religion. The results of the war, moreover, are likely to extend beyond the limits of the two empires immediately engaged in conflict.

Europe has been surprised by the extraordinary and unsuspected prowess of a far Eastern power that of a sudden has sprung into being as a force to be seriously reckoned with, and as suddenly has established itself as of "first class" among the nations by an unchecked series of victories, both by sea and land, over no less an adversary than Russia. So great has been the surprise, indeed, that many persons have taken alarm and already are discussing the dangers of a "Yellow peril;" though it does not at present appear how such peril could arise without something in the nature of an Asiastic union, nor that Japan would be likely to hail such a union as favorable to her interests.

And the power that has so suffered at the hands of the pagan

is a Christian nation, with a claim on that account to our Christian sympathies, and, as it would seem at first sight, to our wishes for its success in the struggle against its pagan foe. Its empire numbers, in European and Asiatic Russia combined, more than a hundred and twenty-eight million subjects. Of these some ninety million are registered "Orthodox Russians," though considerable proportions of them are Catholics who have been thus registered members of the State religion by sheer despotic force; while of the remainder of this number it may be said that in great measure they are in material rather than in formal schism, so largely is their position due to long centuries of State usurpation of ecclesiastical authority, to tyranny and abject serfdom. In addition to the Catholics who have been compulsorily registered Orthodox, and whose numbers cannot of course be ascertained, are upward of eleven and a half million Catholics who as yet are unaffected by the penal laws, except so far as those laws account it a "State crime" for a Catholic to attempt the conversion of an Orthodox Russian. Of the sects that separated from the State Church after the formation of the "Holy Synod," and of which that of the Rasholniks, or "Men of the Old Faith," are the most numerous, there are three hundred and eighty-eight thousand. Of Protestants there are some six million; of Jews, five million; of Mohammedans, fourteen and a half million, and over a million pagans.

From these statistics it appears that not far from four-fifths of the population of Russia are Christian, and that their Christianity is, with but a comparatively small Protestant exception, Catholic in character, and would be in far larger proportion than it is at present Catholic in fact but for the jealous despotism of the State. Devoid of constitutional and representative government, her peoples almost wholly uneducated, enslaved, impoverished, and starved by taxation, and the while denied liberty of speech and conscience, this vast empire has long been threatened by the inevitable consequence of tyranny, and would seem to be even now on the verge, if not in the throes, of a revolution. She has gained but one victory in the present war, observes a Russian newspaper, and that is to convince the world of the rottenness of her bureaucratic rule. Meanwhile her financial embarrassments,

so greatly augmented by defeat and loss, forbid the continuance of a war that demands such further taxation as would involve (so her specialists have warned her) the ruin of her agriculture. Should the Tsar persist in prosecuting the war to an end, as the Procurator of the Holy Synod has urged, and as the Grand Dukes have determined he shall do, he will have to face the odds against him of a power whose people are contented and happy, united in their patriotism, able and ready to endure sufficient taxation to raise man to man against their foe, and, encouraged by signal successes until now, confident of victory to the end,—conditions, everyone of them, lacking to Russia, whose subjects, for the most part it would seem, desire the cessation of hostilities, having despaired alike of any near, and even of ultimate, success.

And in the event of the war being prosecuted to Russia's further humiliation, the question, already raised, will press the more for an answer,—the question, namely, as to whether the prospects of Catholicism in Russia are not likely to be furthered in a chastised and chastened Russia, rather than in Russia flushed by victory and confirmed in her bureaucratic despotism; since, as history shows, the vanquished nation, rather than the nation that is victorious, is usually benefited by the moral lesson of defeat, and Russia's Crimean defeat, for instance, revealed to her Tsar Alexander II the unsoundness of his country's internal polity and the necessity of the reforms he attempted, but was prevented from carrying out by reason of his tragic death.

To form an opinion by way of an answer to the question, it is necessary, of course, to know something of the history of religion in Russia; it may be worth our while, therefore, to attempt a short review of that history, in so far as it bears upon the question proposed, despite the fact that the present opportunity is necessarily of so limited a nature and allows of but a sketchy, and, as some may think, unsatisfactory notice. Enough will appear, however, to enable us to form some idea of the bearing of the Russian government toward Catholicism in the past, and at the present time, from which to form an opinion as to the prospects of the Catholic Church under Russia's future rule, more especially with reference to the hoped-for reforms in the government of that country.

There is a tradition in Russia that the Apostle St. Andrew preached the Gospel in that country, and that he planted a cross at Kiev,—a place that will figure considerably in our narrative, as it was formerly Russia's capital. Christianity certainly existed at a very early date in southern Russia, since Tertullian, Origen, and St. John Chrysostom, amongst others, speak of it as existent there. But it seems equally certain that it subsequently disappeared from Russia, and was not permanently established there until the ninth century. According to an account favored by the historian Alzog, Russia obtained her Christianity from Constantinople, in the year 867, when Ignatius, the lawful and therefore Catholic patriarch was in possession of that see. According to Nestor, the father of Russian history in the beginning of the twelfth century, it was in the previous year that Russia obtained her Christianity, that is to say, when Photius, the schismatical patriarch, was in possession. The empire as a whole, however, was not converted until the tenth century, and it is certain that from the time of the patriarchate of Ignatius, in 867, to that of Michael Cœrularius—in the middle of the eleventh century—Rome and Constantinople, though not in complete harmony, were nevertheless united in communion. It follows therefore that at the first Russia was certainly in communion with Rome, and that the sole exception to this statement has reference to but one year.

Kiev, the metropolitan see and the former capital of Russia, received its metropolitans from Constantinople until the year 1051. In that year, however, Hilarion was appointed metropolitan without the authority or approval of Constantinople, and he and his successors in the see remained in communion with Rome, despite the intrigues of Cœrularius to bring about a division. The liturgical books in use at this day in Russia were composed during the time of her union with Rome and still retain confession of the Pope's supremacy. Thus Pope Sylvester is acknowledged as the "divine head of the holy bishops," Pope Leo as "the successor of the highest throne of St. Peter, the heir of the invincible rock and the successor in his kingdom." Martin, Pope in the seventh century, is thus addressed: "Thou didst adorn the divine throne of Peter, and, holding the Church upright on this rock which cannot be shaken, thou didst honor thy name;" and Leo III:

"O chief shepherd of the Church, do thou represent the place of Jesus Christ."

"From the eleventh century onward," says Alzog, "the Monastery of the Catacombs or of Peezera, at Kiev, became for Russia the seat of learning, the home of literature, the seminary of the clergy, and the centre of civilization. It was in this monastery that Nestor (1056–1111) wrote his annals in the language of his country, and this one fact would seem to indicate that if the Russian Church had remained united to Rome, the country would have seen an incomparably greater intellectual progress, and a more abundant development of its material resources and elements of national prosperity than its history shows."

But the position of Kiev was weakened by the Tartars, who raised the Prince of Moscow to the position of a Grand Duke, and in the year 1328 removed the metropolitan see to the new capital. Kiev's metropolitan retained, however, the title "Metropolitan of Kiev and all Russia."

At the Council of Florence in 1438, Isidore, the then metropolitan of Kiev, warmly supported the cause of union with Rome, accepted in Kiev and its nine suffragan dioceses, in opposition to the Church of Northern Russia and the temporal ruler, Vassili II.

After Constantinople had fallen into the hands of the Turks, the Tsars took advantage of the opportunity to sever the Russian Church from such dependence upon Constantinople as still remained, and from all foreign influence whatsoever, with a view to subjecting the primates of Moscow to themselves. Moscow was erected the Russian patriarchal see by Tsar Teodore I, in 1589. Its patriarchate thus assumed a national character, and grew in political importance and influence. Its patriarchs were uniformly hostile toward the metropolitans of Kiev, who in turn were by no means disposed to submit to their jurisdiction. In 1593, the metropolitan of Kiev together with the bishops of his province drew up a formal act of union with Rome, and shortly afterwards sent a deputation to the Pope, with the result that their union with the Holy See was confirmed, and gave birth to the Ruthenian province, the event being announced by Pope Clement VIII in the bull "Magnus Dominus et laudabilis." Later on, we find Pope Pius V granting the metropolitan of Kiev permission

to send four young men to the Greek College, founded in Rome in 1615.

The patriarchate of Moscow, on the other hand, had so developed its national character and political influence, that Tsar Peter the Great, at the end of the seventeenth century, fearing its influence against even himself, resolved to abolish it and to substitute in its stead an organization that should be entirely subject to the State, and since known as the Holy Synod. This, aided by the concurrence of cowardly and subservient bishops, he eventually succeeded in doing, and so brought the "Orthodox" Church into complete subjection to the secular power, by an ukase of January 21, 1721. His successors on the throne were careful to preserve this masterstroke of his genius, and the Russian Orthodox Church has in consequence ever since remained in servile subjection to temporal rulers.

The metropolitan see of Kiev was at length wrested from the Catholic Church by the Empress Catharine, who ascended the throne in 1762, and, together with other Catholic sees of the Uniat rite, was forcibly transferred to schismatical usurpers; and at the partitions of Poland, in 1772, 1793, and 1795, nearly all the Catholic Ruthenian dioceses were forced under Russian dominion, despite Catharine's pledge, under the treaty of annexation, to protect the Catholics of both the Latin and Uniat rites. To further her purpose she did not scruple to send "Orthodox" missionaries, each of them accompanied by a regiment of Cossacks, to enforce the desired submission at the point of the sword. She was so far unhappily successful that, during her reign of thirty-four years, no less than seven million Catholics were forcibly severed from Papal jurisdiction.

Under Catharine's successors, Paul I and Alexander I, the Catholic Church in Russia was to some extent reorganized, although Catharine's penal laws remained still in force. The numbers both of Latin and of Uniat Catholics, in consequence, rapidly increased; and herein we have an indication as to what would be the result, did liberty of religion now prevail in Russia. But when Nicholas I succeeded to the throne, he at once reverted to Catharine's persecuting policy against the Catholics of both rites. He suppressed their bishoprics, destroyed their churches,

dissolved upward of two hundred monasteries, expelled later on, in addition, Carmelites, Franciscans, Dominicans, Lazarists, Sisters of Charity, and by means of exile, confiscations, bribes, and, alas, the treason of Catholic ecclesiastics themselves, enforced severance from Papal jurisdiction, and finally proclaimed this separation, together with compulsory registration to the "Orthodox" Church, by an ukase of February 24, 1839.

In 1847, however, a concordat was concluded, by virtue of which the Latin Church in Russia was reorganized in two provinces. The one, namely, the Province of Mohilev, including all the Latin Catholics of the empire, except those of Poland, comprised the metropolitan and six suffragan sees; the other, the Province of Warsaw, comprised all Russian Poland, with the metropolitan and likewise six suffragan sees. Mohilev, it may here be observed, had been raised to the rank of a metropolitan see with jurisdiction over all Catholics of the Latin rite in Russia, by a bull of Pope Pius VI, November 15, 1798; and by the same bull the Uniats also obtained an ecclesiastical organization with Polotzk and Breez as suffragan sees.

Tsar Alexander II pursued in Russian Poland the work of suppression that Nicholas I had wrought in Russia proper, and provoked the Polish rising of 1863, which resulted in the condemnation to death of the Apostolic Administrator of Warsaw, the banishment into exile of nearly all the Catholic bishops of Poland, together with two hundred and fifty priests, the imprisonment of another sixty priests and of fifteen thousand laymen, the death by shooting and strangulation of numerous other priests and monks, and the dissolution of over a hundred monasteries, whose inmates were sent into exile. The persecution was revived in 1885.

Under this same Alexander II was well nigh completed, in 1874, the ruin of the Ruthenian Catholics, after a struggle of more than a hundred years, when not less than twelve millions of their number had been cut off from Rome by cruel persecution. At this day many thousands of Ruthenians, though compulsorily registered "Orthodox," are in heart and will united with Rome. They are compelled to pay tithes to the Russian schismatical clergy, but do not attend their churches, nor receive the sacra-

ments at their hands; they meet clandestinely on Sundays for devotion, baptize their children privately, and have their marriages solemnized secretly by Catholic priests. Two bishoprics of the Ruthenian rite have survived, namely, Minsk, under the jurisdiction of the Latin metropolitan of Mogilen, and Chelm-Belz, directly under Papal jurisdiction.

In 1877, all communication between Russia and Rome was interrupted, but was subsequently restored by the influence of Cardinal Jacobini, the Pro-Nuncio of Vienna, and Oubril, the Russian Ambassador, for the purpose of filling some vacant sees, and of making regulations in relation to the Ecclesiastical Academy at St. Petersburg, whither students from all the Catholic dioceses in Russia are sent to be trained in the higher studies of the priesthood.

In January, 1878, Cardinal Simeoni published a memorandum signed by Pope Pius IX, exposing the treachery of Russian diplomacy. Some years previously Pius IX had published a complaint of 368 pages, quarto, against the treatment by the Russian government of Catholics in both Russia and Poland.

Despite the *modus vivendi*, subsequently arranged, the work of the Catholic Church is to this day oppressed by every device of odious formality and injustice; her priests are forbidden to go from village to village without permission, such permission being frequently refused; they are narrowly watched, lest they should attempt to make converts from the State Church, and, together with the converts they make of Orthodox Russians, are treated as "State criminals," deprived accordingly of all rights and privileges, and banished into distant exile.

The fresh penal laws of but a few years since[1] enact, moreover, that all who, since the enforced registration of 1875, have been recognized as members of the Orthodox Church must remain such for ever: "All former Greek Uniats," so runs the code, "are in virtue of the act of union with the Orthodox Church in 1875 to be considered as Orthodox. The children of parents formerly Greek Uniats, are Orthodox, even if baptized before 1875 in a Roman Catholic Church." The enactment further endeavors to distinguish between Latins and Uniats as though, forsooth, they

[1] Quoted in the *Tablet* of September 24, 1898.

were not equally united in faith and obedience with the Holy See: "Children of parents of the Roman Catholic persuasion," it says, "who, before 1875, were baptized in Greek Uniat churches, need not be reckoned among the former Greek Uniats. Those born before 1875 of mixed marriages between former Uniats and Catholics shall, if of the male sex, belong to the religion of the father, if females, to the religion of the mother."

From this brief account of the history of religion in Russia, it is sufficiently apparent that Russian state policy has all along been, and is to this day, opposed to liberty of conscience in matters religious, and to that independence of ecclesiastical jurisdiction which is the inherent prerogative and the first essential of Christ's kingdom on earth,—in a word, to the growth, nay, to the very existence, of the Catholic Church in Russia. It would seem, therefore, that humanly speaking, the hope of Catholicism in Russia lies in a reform of the Russian government, and that, as has already been observed, the requisite reform is more likely to be conceded under conditions of defeat in the present war than bestowed to commemorate victory.

It would have been easier for our forefathers, who under the penal laws against Catholicism in England suffered to the death for the sake of religion, than it is for us who now happily enjoy liberty of conscience, to realize what must be the sufferings of Catholics in Russia who against their wills and consciences have been registered members of a schismatical church, and are offered no alternative between a schismatical worship and reception of the Sacraments at schismatical hands, on the one side, or the entire deprivation of Mass and Sacraments on the other. We cannot, surely, but hope that their long night of trial may pass as that of our forefathers passed in England, and that they may ere long enjoy that liberty of conscience which now so happily is ours, even though it be at the cost of still further humiliation of their country at the hands of a pagan foe.

And when we turn our attention toward the vast populations of the Yellow races and marvel at the mystery of their long continuance in ignorance of the Christian revelation, we can scarcely fail to see that their hope of conversion to the truth lies rather in Western than in Eastern Christianity; that, as of old the savage

hordes from North and East that overran Europe after the break-up of the Roman Empire, were in due course tamed by the Vicar of Christ and from "fierce strangers" were transformed into the "truest and most loyal children" of the Church, so in like manner, should the Yellow races be brought under European influences, whether by their conquests or by other means, they too will, in God's providence, find themselves face to face with the truth, and, as we trust, in due course within the Church's fold. As Catholics, we may surely entertain the desire for so great a gain, even should it be at the risk of a "Yellow peril,"—a gain that would far outweigh any such temporal evil; a conquest incomparably greater than any that Japanese arms or an Asiatic union could effect.

Another thought seems likewise to be suggested in this connection, when we consider what has been the condition of so much of the Christianity of Europe since the Protestant upheavals of the sixteenth century. Ever since the "balance of power" was substituted for the central authority of the Holy See, the governments of Europe have for the most part developed an independence of any authority above their own, and an antagonism to the Christian revelation as embodied in the Catholic Church, that threatens in still greater measure to substitute for the acknowledgment of God's Sovereignty, and the advancement of His Kingdom on earth, the exaltation of human authority and the worship of material prosperity. Mammon has enthroned many a false god, and Christian civilization has to an appalling extent already been exchanged for the former civilization of pagan Rome. Europe, then, has had her opportunity, and though she may be considered to have profited by it and to have risen to a sense of her responsibility in the ages of faith, it can scarcely be said that she is very much alive to that responsibility now. The opportunity, so imperfectly valued in this quarter of the globe, may therefore in God's providence be offered at length in another, and the peoples of Asia, in the event, may prove more faithful to it than the natives of Europe have proved. Thus also it may be reserved to the multitudes of that vast hemisphere to supply for Europe's missionary failure and to remove for themselves the reproach that so large a proportion of the human race has hitherto remained unreclaimed.

Nor are there wanting signs that in Japan at least, where but a few years since Christians were put to torture and death, anxiety now prevails to know more of Western Christianity, and, coupled with this desire, we see an earnest of sincerity in the inquiry, by reason of the fact that Japan now extends her protection to Catholic missions. Who among us, then, would wish to deny the possibility that in due course the Japanese, who in so many ways have surprised us by their enlightenment and humanity in matters in which we imagined them so far behind European civilization, will advance toward the further enlightenment which, by the Divine grace that can do all things, will induce them to substitute for their undue worship of an earthly sovereign the worship of the King of kings, and for their exaggerated appeal to their ancestors the invocation of Our Blessed Lady and the Saints?

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LEX AMANDI.

THE PENALTIES OF LOVE.

The wisdom of the spirit is life and peace.—Rom. 8 : 6.

SUFFERING.

As the strongest, deepest love veils itself most in silence and secrecy, so does love's inevitable penalty, suffering, shrink from discovery and observation, and ignore even those appeals for pity with which it is besieged by its own weaker nature; and by such ignoring does it not only conquer suffering, but gains the strength to suffer *more and conquer more:*

God, harden me against myself,
This coward with pathetic voice,
Who craves for rest and ease and joys.

Myself, arch-traitor to myself;
My hollowest friend, my deadliest foe;
My clog whatever way I go.

Yet ONE there is can curb myself,
Can roll the strangling load from me,
Break off the yoke and set me free.[1]

[1] *Who Shall Deliver Me?* Christina Rossetti.

There are two schools of ascetics, so to speak, the conscious and the unconscious school; and they are vastly different from each other in their psychological characteristics. One seeks suffering as an end in itself, or rather seeks it as a necessary condition for acquiring spiritual perfection. The other seeks spiritual perfection as its end, and thereby entails suffering upon itself as a penalty. If suffering in itself is good, the way of the conscious ascetic in seeking it is the higher one; if suffering is a mere accident or result of the conflict between good and evil, it is not a necessary condition for perfection in the soul, though it is an almost invariable or involuntary accompaniment of high spirituality in this life. There is, however, one point of difference between these two kinds of suffering which seems to place the involuntary far above the voluntary kind in its spiritual characteristics. Physical suffering, self-inflicted, is calculated above all things else to induce preoccupation with self, whilst the keenest pain of involuntary suffering, in finer spirits, is often caused by the necessity for self-attention which physical suffering entails. The cry of Saint Paul for deliverance from "the body of this death" voiced not so much his complainings against the flesh and its weakness, or the wish to be separated from his body by final dissolution, as it expressed his desire for the mastery of the spirit *in this life* over the weakness and sufferings of the flesh. It would be unlike Saint Paul to wish to put an end to the struggle merely by death. This is the wish of the weakling and the coward, of the faint-hearted and despairing, who would have the prize without paying the cost, and who think that death alone cancels all the unpaid debts of life.

The usual motive of those seeking to attain perfection by voluntary, or self-inflicted, suffering is the desire to imitate Christ or the saints in their sufferings. A perfectly true resemblance to Christ in His relation to suffering could never be established by any human soul. In one sense Christ never inflicted any physical suffering upon His own person. His sufferings were involuntary, while they at the same time were voluntary, in a sense which could be applied to no other sufferings but His. "I lay down My life that I may take it up again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down Myself. I have power to lay it down, and

I have power to take it up again."[2] Christ voluntarily surrendered His will in order to feel the effects of suffering in His physical nature; and He had the power to resist by His Divine will all these effects, or to sustain His human nature under the utmost ravages made by suffering upon His person; He could not *sicken* and die from these effects in the same way that ordinary human nature would which is subject to sickness by sin. Not sickness, which is the penalty of sin, but voluntary sympathy with and experience of the suffering caused by sin in human nature was the source of Christ's agony. Recovery from the most extreme condition of physical weakness or injury would have been consistent even with the powers of Christ's human nature, because sickness, or disease resulting from injury, could not fasten itself upon His uncorrupted flesh. "He was 'without sin,' and a body without sin can no more sicken than it can 'see corruption.'" And yet He not only felt all the effects of suffering in His own physical nature, but by His Divine power of sympathy with our fallen nature He felt suffering as we feel it: He "wept," "groaned," was "troubled," sank with exhaustion under the assaults of physical agony, was the "most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity," the "*chastisement of our peace was upon Him;*"[3] if we escaped the terrible realization and penalty of sin's consequences, He could not; and yet He could, for all the time there was latent in His mighty will the power to pass immune from pain, or from its effect upon His physical nature, throughout the whole dark drama of His Passion. *He was offered because it was His own will;*[4] by His own voluntary action alone He felt this pain and suffered the effects of it in death. In this sense His suffering was voluntary in an *inimitable* degree, while at the same time it was involuntary too in a sense altogether inimitable by our human nature, because only the same degree of consciousness as He had of the enormity of evil could cause the same degree of suffering as He experienced. This degree of suffering was an accident, or an accompaniment, or a *penalty* of His love.[5]

[2] John 10: 17–18. [3] Isa. 53: 5. [4] Isa. 53: 7.

[5] "The sinner suffers sicknesses of all kinds as the result of sin, in the sense that before sin entered into the world there was no sickness or death. . . . When Christ took our nature upon Him and 'was made flesh,' He did not become a sinner,

It is not within man's power to become so like to Christ as to have the same control over the effects of suffering as Christ had;[6] but many of the saints have approached so very near to Christ that they seem to have the power to surmount the effects of suffering to a superhuman degree,—as in the case of the early martyrs. The secret of their strength in this respect was *abstraction* from self and *absorption* with God. The degree of their absorption became the measure of their capacity for suffering. A distraction caused by voluntary suffering would have limited rather than increased this capacity. This would seem to show that with the saints the higher states of suffering were involuntary

and so subject to sin and death. He was 'without sin,' and a body without sin can no more sicken than it can 'see corruption.' Before Adam sinned he had the same body as afterward, and yet it was not liable to disease and death. But the penalty of the law which rested upon him was, 'in the day that thou eatest thereof (of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil), thou shalt die'; that is, the seeds of disease would then be planted in his body (by the revolt of his will against God) and death would be the result. When, therefore, 'sin entered into the world, and by sin death' (Rom. 5 : 12), all manner of sickness followed in its train.

"But Christ, not being a sinner, could not, and did not, suffer from any disease. He was, therefore, never sick. He did not even die in the sense that men ordinarily die. *He voluntarily* laid down His life by the Crucifixion, just as He had voluntarily taken it by the Incarnation. 'Being made in the likeness of men, and in habit found as a man' (Phil. 2 : 7), it was necessary, however, that He should enter into all the experiences of men. But it must be by His own voluntary action, *and not from any compulsion of nature.*

"Hence also we find that, although He was never sick, yet there are many indications that He always suffered when He came into contact with sickness, and that when He healed the sick He 'felt that virtue had gone out of him.' Time and again we find Him so worn out at the close of such a day as this (of healing the sick) that He could not sleep, but, 'rising very early, going out, He went into a desert place, and there *He prayed.*' Here was the secret source, not only of His spiritual, but of His physical strength.

"He not only felt the keenest sympathy for those who suffered, but, as the cause of all suffering sin was laid upon Him, He took upon Himself all the effects of sin, and voluntarily bore them in His own sinless body. As death, however, had no dominion over Him, so disease had no dominion. It only left Him fatigued and exhausted as when sickness passes away from the invalid. The sick one 'immediately' took His place in perfect health and strength without any of the weakness of convalescence, and He took the weakness and exhaustion of the convalescent sick. Thus during all His earthly life He entered into all of the temporal effects of sin, just as at His death He entered into its final penalty."

[6] The heresy of Christian Science consists in its belief that man has this same voluntary power over the body by strength of the mind or will.

rather than voluntary; they were a consequence rather than a cause of sanctity.[7]

To strengthen the capacity for sanctity, or, in other words, to refine the quality of the spiritual faculties, necessarily increases the soul's capacity for suffering; while at the same time it often

[7] In a certain measure some of the saints resembled Christ in the voluntary character of their sufferings, because they had the power to escape "the penalties of love" by withdrawing their minds from that contemplation of the Divine Being which was at times too much for the strength of their ordinary human faculties to bear without causing physical agony to the body. There seems to be some disagreement among writers on spiritual science as to which is the higher state of contemplation: that which causes this kind of suffering to the body; or that which transcends all consciousness of the body. The author of *Sancta Sophia* (Treat. 3, Sect. 3, Chap. 6, § 22, 23) favors the latter state of contemplation, it would seem, and makes a peculiar commentary upon the other: "The tree of love is in no sort to be plucked up by the roots as long as there is any hope that it may be in a disposition or capacity to bring forth more fruit." The special instance he gives of the character or condition of the one kind of contemplation, and the doubt he puts upon the characteristics of the other kind illustrate this point too well to be passed over without a full quotation.

"Harphius relates an account that one brother Roger, a devout Franciscan, gave of himself, saying that a hundred times in a Matins he was in spirit drawn upwards to a more high knowledge of divine secrets; all which tracts he forcibly resisted, being assured that if he had given his soul free scope to fix the eye of the understanding upon those objects so represented to him, he should have been so plunged in the abyss of the divine incomprehensibility, and so wholly driven out of himself, that he should never have been able to have retired himself alive from such a contemplation.

"The same Harphius describes the state of some other souls (*not so sublimely elevated*) who yet are so languishing in their love of God, and in such an impatient ardor and thirst after Him, that it makes the body to faint and quite wither away, and therefore he calls them Martyrs of Love. Now, by this languishing love, I conceive, is understood a love much in sensuality (though the object thereof be God), and it is exercised about the heart much after the same manner that a violent but chaste love is oft exercised between absent persons of different sexes, so that I take it to be *the highest degree of sensible devotion*. Now, though Harphius says that such Martyrs of Love, *dying corporally through the extremity of passion*, do immediately pass into heaven, having been already purified in the purgatory and fire of love; notwithstanding, although no doubt such souls do die in a most secure state, yet it *may be they will not escape some degree of purgatory for their indiscreet yielding to the impulses of nature in the exercising of this love*, which, though truly divine, is yet far less perfect than that pure love which, in perfect contemplation, is exercised in the intellectual soul, *without any sensible change or redundance of the body*." The words have been italicized to illustrate more pointedly the difference which this author is repeatedly insisting upon between the perfect and imperfect kind of contemplation.

strengthens even the body's power of enduring physical pain. That "high-minded and intelligent indifference to small but annoying ailments, beyond cavil, increases effectiveness (both mental and spiritual) and makes for health" is a fact which most common-sense people are continually asserting. There is a kind of general admission now made that the weak mind is the commonest cause of the weak body; or that weakness and sickness in the latter is often caused by a disharmony of the mind with its surrounding physical or moral conditions. An eminent physician employed as a public health officer, when asked recently the main cause of the prevalence of a certain contagion among the lower classes, curtly replied, "Thinking about it"; which was by no means a declaration of his personal belief in "mental science," but merely affirmed the most well-established fact of medical science, that the will plays not only an important part in overcoming the effects of physical suffering or sickness, but even in producing them.

The whole subject of suffering, both in its spiritual and physical relations, has to-day become so involved with speculation, first, as to its psychological characteristics—which the cult of "mind cure" has so much exploited and popularized the knowledge of; next, in its physical conditions, the analysis of which by recent medical science has swept down the traditions of centuries in regard to our proper attitude toward it—putting common sense and hygienic principles at the bedside of suffering in the place so long occupied by sentimentality and drugs; but most of all has this question of suffering been affected in its relations to our spiritual nature by the disposition of our time to throw off the moral restraints of the past. Some kind of definite conclusions on this subject may yet be reached by both physical and psychological experimentalists in their different departments; or they may finally meet in a common conclusion. But in its spiritual relations "the mystery of suffering, like that of longing, may never be revealed." If, however, the purely physical characteristics of suffering have been for centuries obscured by misapprehensions at which medical science to-day stands aghast, suffering, in its relations to our spiritual life and growth, has been invested with characteristics and significances that are almost absolute perversions of the great mystic principle that underlies the Christian theory of the value

of pain. Though this principle is shrouded in a mystery so deep as to be beyond the reach of words, the sense of it has been authoritatively affirmed in terms which can have no meaning at all if not a literal one: *If you live according to the flesh, you shall die: but if by the Spirit you mortify the deeds of the flesh, you shall live.*[8] St. Paul was not limiting his words to a purely mystical sense here; but was referring to the law of both the natural and the supernatural life: *The law of the spirit of life, in Christ Jesus, hath delivered us from the law of sin and of death.*[9] "The law of the spirit of life" *is to live.* "*The wisdom of the spirit is life and peace.*" It is by this "wisdom of the spirit" that we learn how to live and grow, both in soul and body, through suffering, rather than to sicken and die under it.

The value of suffering to spiritual growth needs no defence; it is too apparent to both common sense and reason; but the value of suffering, or, more explicitly, the *love* of suffering for its own sake, or from the mistaken notion that it is to be sought as a necessary concomitant of spiritual perfection—this is a question that seems obscured with hopeless misunderstandings. Asceticism, mortification, suffering, in their misconstrued sense and purpose, have done more mischief in turning souls against Christianity and the higher life as their contrary qualities of hedonism, indulgence, and pleasure have done in directly luring souls from Christ. The sneer of the epicure has hardly been more of a reproach to the true principles underlying the purpose and practice of these Christian virtues than certain misconceptions and misapplications of them among a number of Christians even in our own day, not to speak of some of the mistaken notions of other times in regard to Christian asceticism. To illustrate this statement by actual examples might be an easy, but it would be a most unpleasing task; as is attention to any subject which presents itself first to our mind in its pathological aspect. The practical Christian temper of to-day has a healthy way of shaking off any ideas which might lead to morbid reflections; and it will not brook having certain aspects of the Christian life which seem to have no personal application to itself; which it cannot interpret out of the facts of its own experience, and which it has no curiosity to study in the

[8] Rom. 8: 13. [9] Rom. 8: 2.

experience of others, thrust upon it for consideration. One of the widest differences between the temper of the Christian mind, past and present, is found right here. The disposition of the past was to adapt or assimilate and to judge from the experience of others—without stopping to test its own capacity for applying that experience to itself; the disposition of the present is, first, to judge from its own experience; make its own experiments; adapt from them what it finds is consonant with its own constitution, either spiritual or physical, in the manner that it would select and test the food most suitable to its digestion; and then to reject the rest, or at least to feel no interest in it as having any personal application to itself.

The actual causes for this difference of disposition between Christians of the past and of the present, may perhaps be the better understanding we have to-day of both the physical and the psychological conditions of our being. The phenomena in both fields have been too well classified, and knowledge about them has become too common for us to get things mixed up so easily as the less informed Christians of other times were apt to, when analyzing the different phases of their religious emotions. Not only this, but a different attitude toward manifestations of suffering in others has been brought about by the more general refinement in thought and æstheticism in feeling which popular education has effected in a large measure. While this does not necessarily argue that the human disposition to-day is in general kinder and more sensitive to suffering, and more reluctant to behold the manifestations of suffering in others, it does seem to show that we place *physical* pain in a lower grade of suffering than it occupied in the past; and that we have come to regard real suffering as a condition more of the mind than of the sensations; in other words, that the mind's attitude toward suffering is what determines the character and strength of physical agony. This discrimination or analysis of the different characteristics of suffering has developed a certain kind of heroism among us in enduring pain; as though such endurance were a mark of superior character and of strength both of mind and will. Not that this is a new or modern estimate of physical heroism; but endurance with us has an added degree of heroism which it lacked in the

past. Since we have come to think that the endurance of physical agony may not always be the measure of a person's sensitiveness, but may perhaps give evidence of only a coarser physical fibre, we have acquired the habit of considering physical suffering, or its endurance by ourselves or others, as a subject not for common discussion; and in fact have relegated it to that class of topics which good taste and refined feelings prohibit consideration of, except among those who take up the study of these topics either for professional or charitable reasons.

All this has affected the Christian mind of to-day to a radical extent in its estimate of the value of voluntary, or self-inflicted physical pain. This change amounts indeed almost to utter revolt against many of the practices common among Christians of former times in their methods of spiritual culture. The present instinct against such practices is not a reprehensible one; and, even according to contemporary spiritual writers of ancient times, it has much justification. Any tendency which moves the human consciousness in the direction of interior rather than exterior religious experience is a step toward higher spiritual development.[10]

[10] That these external and voluntary mortifications of the past were not always esteemed, even at that time as highly as the practice of interior mortification, or the utter ignoring of the lower nature, is distinctly shown by the statements on this point given in many chapters of *Sancta Sophia*, –a guide book on the spiritual life which might seem a more consistent product of the "mental culture" of our own time than that of the seventeenth century, in which it was written. Following are a few of these statements :—

"The way of mortification practised by internal contemplative livers is different from that of active (spirits), though these live in a religious state, and (are) well advanced in active exercises; for (the latter) endeavor to mortify their inordinate affections by combating them purposely and directly, whereas contemplative souls do indirectly yet *far more efficaciously*, mortify their passions by *transcending* them, that is, by elevating and uniting their spirit to God, with the help of pure intellectual actuations; by the means forgetting and drowning both their sensual desires, yea, all created things, and *chiefly themselves* in God; so that in a temptation they do not turn themselves toward the object, to the end to resist and contradict it, but by a vigorous act of resignation and love they convert their spirits unto God, scorning even to cast a regard or glance upon creatures that would allure their affections from God. . . .

"But as for voluntary mortifications (those I mean which are properly such) we have nothing to do with them, yea, moreover, I should never persuade a spiritual disciple . . . though he had a body as strong as Samson . . . to extraordinary mortifications, unless some special occasion required them for a remedy

Most of this modern prejudice, however, against ancient methods of ascetic practice, is to be blamed on the wrong interpretations of the motive which instigated self-inflicted suffering, not only in the case of ordinary Christians, but also in the saints themselves.

Practically speaking, and to give a single illustration of the difference between their mental attitude and ours toward physical ill, unconsciousness of danger was often the most effective protection that many of the saints and good Christians of former times had in their seemingly rash encounters with disease. In a recent notable publication by a specialist on bacteriology, the modern "germ craze" has been severely criticised; and the author "is very earnest in his protest against the horrid fear of germs which bacteriologists have instilled into the public mind. He insists that this fear is bad and uncalled for, that it makes people flee the sick instead of helping them, and he asserts that in most cases where the *predisposition* does not exist the germs are harmless enough. In other words, he does not believe in contagion, in the ordinary sense. He insists on the importance of the *predisposition to disease* in the patient—the state of weakness which enables the parasite, which normally would be powerless, to gain the victory in what he calls the battle of organisms." [11]

against special temptations then assaulting him; in which case they are not indeed to be esteemed extraordinary and voluntary (although supernumerary), but, considering the present state, ordinary and necessary."

Even in such an extreme case as that of *necessary* mortification (as he here defines necessity) this author is jealous of the encroachment of the external act upon the inner consciousness, or of what he calls the "inconveniences attending . . . the use of such mortifications, which are much greater to a life of contemplation than an active life, because liberty of spirit is much more necessary in the former than in the latter (and this) liberty is extremely prejudiced by such unnecessary obligations and fetters laid by a soul upon herself. For this reason the supernumerary mortifications which may prove more useful, and which are least prejudicial to this liberty, *are those that least work upon the mind.* . . . And of all others, the most beneficial are those that regard the *not-doing*, as more silence, more solitude, etc., than a person by regular ordinances is obliged to." Treat. 2, Sect. 1, Chap. 4, § 8. *Ibid.* Chap. 5, §§ 6, 13, 14.

[11] *Physician versus Bacteriologist.* By Professor Dr. O. Rosenbach, of Berlin. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

He makes some peculiar comments on "fashions in medical practice, and the tendency after a furor for one treatment of a certain ailment to another furor for

That little phrase, "predisposition to disease," has been made the basis of a whole school of not only medical practice, but of "mental culture"; the former dealing with it in its physical relations—working on hygienic lines of prevention of disease rather than elaborating methods of cure, and the latter building up the hypothesis of the sound mind being the only necessary condition for the sound body. Neither school of theorists may claim our absolute credulity in their theories; yet both contribute no trifling testimony to the purely rational grounds on which we may in part explain that wonderful immunity from the fatal consequences of disease and suffering which distinguished the heroic lives of many saints, and even ordinary Christians of a former period, in their ministrations upon suffering humanity. But even if a saint of our own day were urged by zeal and charity to face these dangers, the knowledge of contagion which he with the general public shares might, according to present-day theorists, be sufficient to make him dread fatal consequences, and thus "predispose" him for an attack of the disease. Moreover, the knowledge of hygiene which is now instilled into us in our very infancy makes us, by the sheer force of habit, shun damage to our physical being by every wise precaution against contagion; and instantly suggests intelligent remedy when such damage has been inflicted. Modern medical science has helped so much to popularize hygienic principles of health, and has circulated so widely its rules for "First Aid to the Injured," that transgressions against these is now really considered a public misdemeanor, and an offence against the neighbor as much as against oneself. Our Commissioners of Health are in fact empowered to restrain by law any such transgressions, and a heavy penalty would be inflicted on one who

exactly the reverse treatment," which have some significance here as an illustration of the influence of the mental upon the physical characteristics of a period; his theory being that "the physical constitution of men changes from generation to generation in such a way as to make the medical methods of one time unfitted to the next—quite apart from any improvement in the rationale of those methods." He thinks, for instance, that "the period in which the practice of copious blood-letting arose was one of full-blooded and plethoric habit—that consequently blood-letting had at that time a reasonable excuse for popularity. But when a period of general anæmic habit followed, blood-letting, though the worst thing possible, was continued with dire effects for a season, viz., until the conservative doctors accumulated a sufficient body of sad experience to make a change."

would rashly confront contagion without official warrant, and thus expose himself or others to danger. The warrant for the zealous charity of the past in rushing into such danger would not apply to our present conditions of civilization, when the establishment and enforcement of a Sanitary Code has radically changed both the character and method of charity's ministrations. It would to-day be considered a greater charity to coöperate with officials in charge of the public health in their efforts to prevent the spread of sickness and disease than to run unwarranted risks both with one's own or others' health by imprudent encounters with contagion in the effort to be personally charitable. Our case, then, is not the same as that of charitable persons in former times, who lived under a dispensation of things in which the public health was for the most part a charge upon private benevolence.

While the rationale of pain and suffering has been practically affected by these changes in our civilization, the relations of the former to our spiritual welfare are fixed on principles that cannot change. Physical suffering in us is the penalty of sin,—either present in us by our own transgressions, or by our heritage of sin's consequences. It cannot, therefore, be desired for itself, or as the most perfect means of promoting our spiritual welfare. Surely the healing of sickness or the assuaging of pain is more to be desired than the power to endure their agonies; else we should not have known Christ as the Healer of the body as well as the Saviour of souls. The basis for the idea that suffering is itself to be desired and even sought, if one would grow spiritually, is the common belief that the most perfect way to imitate Christ or the saints is to imitate them in their sufferings. This indeed appears to be the way by which the saints themselves became like unto Christ. But this aspect of their sufferings is misleading; it is an inverted estimate of them. They did not become like Christ by suffering, but they suffered because they first became like Christ, —which is quite a different interpretation from that which we most often find given by those who have not grasped the essential distinction between the method and the motive of sanctity. It might be put down as an axiom that we have really no clue to understanding the *physical* states of the saints—their sufferings, austerities, or any of their practices in fact—until we have mastered

some knowledge of their mental or spiritual states, either by experience or by study of them. The whole cause of the misunderstandings and aversions and even condemnations in regard to these physical states of the saints is due in many cases to lack of the most elementary knowledge of their psychological conditions, not to speak of ignorance of their spiritual characteristics. Unfortunately, however, it is the purely physical aspect of suffering which has been most emphasized in the past in delineating the character of sanctity; and its true spiritual character has in this way become obscured. It is good to repeat that suffering in the saint is a result of sanctity, not a cause of it; and this is what constitutes the difference between the sinner's pain and the saint's. One is enduring *the penalty of love*—the other the penalty of sin. And there is as much difference in the character and degree of the pain as there is in the condition of the victims. Even rationally speaking, as we have seen, the finer the spirit the greater is its capacity for pain and the stronger is its power of endurance. It is only such spirits that can really fathom the depths of pain, because they go far below the merely physical aspects and conditions of it to the sources from which it derives its keenest agonies;—and these do not relate to the body but to the soul and spirit. The refined apprehension of a saint experiences a more poignant sympathy with the sufferings of Christ in proportion to his deeper knowledge or understanding of Christ's own motive in suffering; while the stronger and finer his apprehension grows, the greater his capacity becomes for such spiritual experience, and the more enduring his power to surmount the effects of it. This we cannot doubt if we believe, as we must, that Christ's own Mother knew Him, loved Him, and felt for Him more than any saint or all the saints together. The very strength which enabled her to suffer saved her from succumbing to the effects of that suffering by bodily dissolution. Perhaps no less a degree of spiritual strength than Mary had—as well as her exemption from that physical weakness which is one of the penalties of sin—would have prevented her dissolution when she "stood" beneath the Cross.

Since it is not by the outward manifestations of suffering only that we can understand the true character of sanctity, or discover

the secret of that love which was the deep source of all the saints' own understanding and experience of Christ's suffering, why should we then scan so closely only the outward characteristics of the saints, noting every natural trait and singularity of habit, perhaps blindly imitating these in our efforts to become like them, while all the time we neglect the only means by which we can attain any true apprehension of either their spirits or the spirit of Christ? And this is by the growth and refinement of our own spiritual faculties, and the development of our natural capacity for good. Every degree of such growth and development in us, either by natural or supernatural means,—the elimination of every narrow idea or selfish motive; the uplift of joy, the spur of hope, the impulse of love; small as well as great strivings of the spirit toward a larger capacity for and a freer correspondence with good; anything in which we feel the *life* of the spirit grow and expand, and reach outwards in sympathy toward others—these are the paths by which the soul travels, though afar off, in the wake of Christ and His saints; and by them the soul shortens the distance between itself and Christ more than it would by a life-time spent in dumb, uncomprehending imitation, in outward semblance only, of all the manifestations of sanctity witnessed in His life or the lives of His saints. These are the things that strengthen the spirit to endure the larger measure of suffering that refinement of spirit brings. Even the natural life of the body is strengthened and prolonged when "the wisdom of the flesh" which is "death," has been overcome by the "wisdom of the spirit" which is "life and peace." [12]

We need not refer only to the lives of veterans in sanctity, however, to establish the theory that the two great principles to which "an ancient illuminated monk, named Hesychius, reduced

[12] "Internal prayer . . . cannot but cause some trouble and uneasiness to nature, and abate the vigorousness of the body, quenching those spirits and draining those humors *which are superfluous* and afford matter of temptations; yet, on the other side, it makes amends, even to nature itself, in contributing much to the prolonging of life by means of moderation of diet, a composedness of passions, and contentedness of mind, etc., which it causeth. Proofs whereof we have in the ancient holy fathers of the desert and more lately in St. Romuald, who lived till he was a hundred and twenty years old, and St. David of Wales, till a hundred and forty," etc. *Sancta Sophia*, Treat. 3, Sect. 3, Chap. 6, § 1.

all spiritual duties, (1) Temperance; (2) Prayer,"[13] are the foundations of not only a holy, happy life, but a long and peaceful one. The scientific proofs of such a theory are being strengthened every day by the investigations and tests of both physiologists and psychologists. The attention now given to the study of dietetics, and of the effect of food upon the mental or spiritual states, is bringing in some striking testimony to the wisdom, not only of the old ascetics, but to the Church's ancient rules and regulations in the matter of fast and abstinence. The diet of a latter day disciple of "mental culture," and of even a large number of those who practise "health culture" for mere health's sake, would not have been considered nourishing enough by many an ancient anchorite in the desert. A treatment by no means uncommon among the former is to take an absolute "rest" from the digestion and assimilation of food of any kind for a continuous number of days, living entirely on good air and pure water during this period until the "normal condition" has been reëstablished. The ideal "normal condition" aimed at in such treatment is perfect harmony between mind and body—making peace, as it were, between them after some breach of friendly relations has been committed. This view illustrates the modern idea of the "perfect condition" of both mind and body which refuses to admit the mediæval notion of the enmity between body and soul to be even a Christian conception; and in a large measure it is right; it is nearer to the ideal of a perfected humanity, both in the natural and the supernatural order. While it is as ready to condemn the sway or tyranny of the senses over the spirit as Saint Francis was when he bestowed his epithet of "Brother Ass" upon the body, it would at the same time prove in theory—as the wise anchorites of old proved in practice—that the spirit can master the body by higher law than that of hatred for it; and that by the tyranny of the spirit over the body the latter may become a more harmful enemy of the spirit, and may even defeat the spirit more easily than if they dwelt together as friends in the way God meant they should when He first arranged their partnership.[14]

[13] *Sancta Sophia.*

[14] "The mind should not be above coöperation with the body. In fact, unless it does coöperate with the body the latter cannot be strong and healthy; and if the

And yet there remains to consider the mystic significance of that suffering of the spirit which slays the body; which flesh and blood cannot withstand when its tides sweep through the soul and break down all the mortal barriers that would resist them. This kind of suffering lies beyond the range of the merely physical phenomena of pain and cannot really be interpreted or explained in the terms by which the latter is understood and by which sympathy for it is communicated to our feelings. We can never understand rightly or adequately sympathize with the Passion of Christ by regarding only the physical phenomena of His sufferings. The ability to think with Him and feel with Him lies only in the growth of our souls toward a greater capacity for *being* like Him. This growth cannot be realized by artificial means,—by imitation, or the mere *appearance* of growth. We might *act* like another all the days of our life without in the slightest degree *becoming* like that one; the external resemblance might be perfect while the inward being may be totally unchanged,—and this, too, not from any conscious intention of hypocrisy; but from the mere lack of development in the inward capacity to be like the one we would imitate. It was the growth in the *inward capacity* for being like Christ that by degrees made the saints take on those resemblances to Christ which appear to us the real marks of their sanctity. But in their case it was not a mere imitation of His characteristics that made them like Him, but the becoming, or transforming of their own natures into, not a resemblance of Him, but

body is not strong and healthy, what can the mind expect to be? In recent years it has become somewhat of a habit with a good many well-meaning people to say high-sounding things about the superiority of the mind over the body, the essential insignificance of the body, etc. Is it not time to emphasize the influence of the body upon the mind? Are we not constantly confronted by instances of the mind's dependence upon the body? What I would like to emphasize is that the mind and body are dependent upon each other. The mind cannot get out of the partnership, however much it may wish to do so. It must stay, and it must do its share or suffer, and generally suffer keenly. The further our civilization advances the more complete this interdependence becomes. Under our fashion of living the body seems to require greater and greater attention from the mind, and the increasing mental strain assumed under our restless, hurrying life makes a greater and greater demand upon the vitality of the body. It is quite clear, then, that we are not in a position to talk about breaking the partnership . . . In time the proper management of the body *becomes largely unconscious and involuntary.*"

A Natural Method of Physical Training. By Edwin Checkley, pp. 29, 30.

a *being* like Him. In this their efforts differ from those of ordinary Christians who too commonly invert the order of the process by which sanctification is attained. And this word "imitation," in some of its misleading interpretations, is much to blame for wasted efforts and discouraging results in the strivings of Christian souls after perfection. A rule which might work wonders if it were wisely understood and applied in the practice of perfection, is, to eliminate the desire of imitating the object reverenced, and substitute the desire of *being* like that object; refraining from imitation, when no capacity for being has as yet been developed. What a sweeping defeat would overtake hypocrisy, and insincerity, and self-deception, with all the other dreadful caricatures of Christian virtue that bring shame upon the Christian name, if such a rule became of common practice; and how simple, and true, and humble, and how patient withal—knowing that patience perfecteth much that pride would condemn—the strivings of souls along the road of holiness might become, if this rule guided their steps.

Misunderstanding or misinterpretation of the principle underlying the difference between being like an object and imitating that object has led to much unwise application, even among intelligent Christians, of the examples of suffering found in the lives of the saints, to our own case and condition. From regarding these sufferings mostly in their physical aspects the clue to their spiritual significance is often missed; and it is only with this clue in mind that we should even presume to approach to any understanding of them; this alone gives us the warrant to examine them; for they are manifestations of sanctity that lie outside the comprehension of the carnal mind, and should not be placed in the danger of being irreverently misunderstood. We ought at least to observe as much order and caution about these things as are practised in the pursuit of knowledge in the natural sciences. There are secret chambers, inner circles in every school of knowledge into which only the initiated may penetrate. With what contempt and disgust do we regard those medical charlatans who have gone behind the veil of knowledge to learn the secrets of the life of the body only that they may use their knowledge afterwards to their own profit by displaying it to the ignorant and curious. There are inner sanctuaries of the soul which must be

veiled to the eyes of all but those who can read their mysteries aright; and an indiscriminate revelation of these mysteries before the eyes of the uncomprehending multitude has no more justification than would a like indiscretion in the natural order of knowledge.

The gauge by which the carnal mind measures the suffering of sanctity, not only gives it no clue to the significance of this suffering, but puts sanctity itself in a category which is infinitely below its rightful place. The greatest depths of pain are not reached by these higher spirits through the sufferings of the body; —the latter are mere accidents, often unconscious accompaniments of these spiritual realizations of the havoc wrought by evil in this world, which steep these souls in unutterable woe. They have become so related to the Divine plan and purpose in creation, through that clearer vision which has brought their own souls into sympathy and harmony with God, that the disruption of the Divine arrangement of things by the spirit of evil in this world, is felt in their own being with a sensitiveness that wrings both body and soul with agony. By such agony have all God-loving souls at times been borne to the earth. It is the penalty of love,—for love is the wider vision, the clearer knowledge, the deeper understanding of God. Even the temptations of such spirits do not come from the lower nature, but from those higher faculties which make these spirits what they are: heart-sickness at beholding the triumph of evil; reproachfulness against God that the wicked should prosper and the innocent suffer; impatience with the Almighty that righteousness does not prevail by the power of His omnipotence throughout the whole earth. This is the burden of the complaints of the saints from the beginning until now: Job with his reproaches and upbraidings—"Why do the wicked live? . . . and the rod of God is not on them";[15] David, troubled and confident in turn by the Lord's dealing with the evil-doer, "My feet were almost moved; my steps had well nigh slipped . . . seeing the prosperity of sinners";[16] yet giving that touching testimony at last to God's loving care of His own: "I have been young, and now am old; and I have not seen the just forsaken, nor his seed seeking bread."[17] And still more does Saint

[15] Job 21: 7, 9. [16] Psalms 72: 2, 3, and 36: 25. [17] Ephes. 6: 12.

Paul give evidence of his suffering this higher kind of spiritual temptation: "For our wrestling is not against flesh and blood . . . but *against the spirits of wickedness in the high places.*"

Of this kind are the deep and mysterious sources of that suffering of the spirit which is known only to those to whom it has become "meat and drink" to do the will of Him who sent them to this earth. And it is too obvious to need further illustration that suffering like this can never be experienced by mere imitation of its outward effects. Moreover, it is apparent that the inherent physical characteristics of a person must in a large measure indicate his capacity for these rarer phases of spiritual experience; in other words, that temperament and constitution have much to do with creating a capacity for spirituality of this order. This refinement of spirit seems incompatible with that kind of robust health which is incapable of feeling any physical effects from the domination of a subjective state of mind. There is a type of physical health which not only betrays unspirituality of character in the person possessing it, but almost suggests immorality in certain aspects of it. The refined and spiritual nature shrinks in its presence, and instinctively averts its gaze, as from a temptation, at the display of its merely physical strength and beauty. This type of physical perfection often raises the doubt as to whether spiritual development can even be begun in a soul which has never passed through any experience of the discipline of human suffering. It is certain that spiritual development in such types seldom reaches above a low grade, even though their moral nature may grow strong and upright.

There are finally the merits of suffering to be considered. But what merit is desired? If Christ is attained, is not all attained? Would we sit down and brood over the coin by which we purchase the treasure; or would we cast it gladly from us once we have won the prize? Merits are mere coupons, as it were, which show our efforts in winning the prize. The more avaricious we become over their accumulation, the more apt we are to forget that our aim is not to hoard them, but to purchase with them the prize we are seeking—for the possession of which "if a man should give all the substance of his house, he shall despise it as nothing."[18]

[18] Cant. of Cant. 8: 7.

THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

IN the February number of THE DOLPHIN appeared an article entitled "Secret Societies among Catholics," in which a very clear definition was given of the distinction between "Forbidden Societies" and societies that enforce a certain reserve of their counsels by imposing the obligation of secrecy upon their members, without evading thereby the lawful control which proper authority has the right to exercise over the members of its commonwealth in Church and State.

In the course of the article, attention was directed to the Knights of Columbus, and some discussion has therefrom arisen, especially among those who advocate Federation of various Societies among Catholics, which indicates that the object, character, and activity of the Knights of Columbus is not quite well understood among those who criticise the organization as a danger to the Church. Might I, therefore, ask the hospitality of your pages to offer some reflections, and to explain in general the position which the Knights of Columbus occupy in reference to our present social, political, and religious needs. I do not write as a Knight, but with all the data of authentic information at my command.

The Supreme Knight, Mr. Edward L. Hearn, defines the Order as "the repository of the chivalrous precepts of the past, in the exercise of which lies the exemplification of the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man. . . . The ties of the society are threefold,—fraternity, patriotism, and devotion to our Holy Mother the Church. . . . The law of justice and right is emblazoned on its banners. Devotion to American institutions, love for our Church and our country are its watchwords. . . . We must remember our knightly character, and we must preserve our knightly character and manly bearing before our fellow-citizens." A recent commentator points out that the Knights need not seek their glory in reviving precepts of the past, but that they are pledged to bring back the spirit in which chivalry defended the precepts that are ever-binding, the laws that are ever-present and unchanging. But if we may draw a comparison between the orders of knighthood in the past and the men who to-day seek to

emulate their noblest qualities in the exercise of fraternal charity and defence of religious truth, we would state that the Knights of Columbus rose in answer to a modern need among Catholic men, just as chivalry took its orign in response to a mediæval need. As an organization, the Order came into being for the purpose of making the sons of the Church strong in their unity and forceful in their high-minded aim to defend by practical means the noblest of causes.

In New Haven, some twenty-three years ago, the Rev. M. J. McGivney felt that steps should be taken in his parish to unite his people more closely; that the wretchedness in some of the homes after the death of the breadwinner should be relieved; and that these desolate homes should be protected by insurance if possible. A common religion is a bond, but differing interests and pursuits naturally tend to do away with a certain desirable unity. So he, with six others whose names are held in honor by all loyal Knights, founded the Order to counteract these difficulties. The beginnings were unpretentious, but the principles which the association was to represent were so comprehensive and of such universal significance that the field of their application was bound to grow far beyond local importance. Primarily, the organization was one of fraternal insurance, and, as such, its charter was granted. In time, membership was extended to men who were disposed to coöperate in every way with the objects of the Order, but who were either ineligible to, or not desirous of entering upon insurance membership. This class, known as the associate members, makes common cause in forwarding the good work of the Order and in upholding the principles of charity, unity, and brotherly love. While there is a large associate membership, the object and aims are the same, regardless of the character of individual members, insurance or associate.

For the first ten years there were Knights in Connecticut and Rhode Island only, but the early slow growth was more of a surety of ultimate successful extension than a more rapid fruition of its powers would have been. The oak of gradual, almost imperceptible development, is of a staunchness and stability that a weed, sprouting in a single night, can never be expected to attain. By degrees councils were established in different Eastern States,

New York and Massachusetts being among the first. Before the year 1896 the Order remained east of the mountains; but when the Democratic Convention was held in Chicago, there were those in the number of Eastern men attracted thither who were instrumental in instituting Chicago Council,—the first west of the Alleghenies. At a single bound the Order reached the great metropolis of the Middle-west, the large cities between Chicago and the East being organized later.

It is only within the past five years that the Order has grown with such remarkable vigor as to draw upon it the attention of all classes, and to make it universally popular. The reason of this exuberant growth may perhaps be found in the superior business methods of the organization. It is well understood that, on the whole, fraternal insurance organizations are not looked upon as very practical business investments. The rates are usually so low that the paying of benefits is at a steady loss; the associations are saved from bankruptcy by recruiting new members, but a disastrous end is inevitable. The Knights of Columbus, like most of the others, were carrying on business at losing rates. Men entered the Order, not considering it a profitable insurance venture, but because they approved and wished to further the good work it was doing. So four years ago a national congress was held, the insurance rates were revised, statistics studied, records compared, and the advice of professional actuaries followed. The new table of rates, based upon scientific calculation and careful estimates, increases the payments with a man's age. A good business foundation is essential in this practical age; even should enthusiasm eventually die out to such an extent that enrollment among the Knights be unsought, which seems very unlikely, the Order will be able to honorably fulfil all its financial obligations.

Many have endeavored to find an explanation for the remarkable spirit of enthusiasm that fires all earnest Knights, and have asked why the Order succeeds when kindred ones have failed. The Knights are pledged to secrecy, and it is a difficult matter for the uninitiated to deal with. The greatest forces in animate or inanimate nature are silent, working quietly and so known only by their results. Who has seen or heard a plant pierce the sod, grow to its fulness and unfold its bloom? It is only when the

flower catches us with its beauty that we realize nature has secretly worked an ever new miracle. And in the world of men, affairs of State and financial operations are guarded carefully from disclosure to possible injurious forces. The Order is open always to ecclesiastical investigation, and this provision is a safeguard against the danger which has caused the downfall of many others.

So while the Knights "court investigation, believing that study will prove the excellence of their system," those of the outside circle cannot penetrate into the inner workings of the Order, but can only draw their own inferences. When two priests, on missing a train, will drive forty miles, on a bitter night, to be present at the exemplification of three degrees, as happened recently in South Dakota, it is certain that the Order stands for something worth while. If the matter is considered from the threefold viewpoint of the ties that unite the members—fraternity, patriotism, and devotion to the Church—we may arrive at a realization, within limits, of what the Order has come to mean to Catholic men.

There is no need to explain the tie of fraternity, familiar ever since the first instance of brother-love. Examples of the exercise of the fraternal spirit are found continually. When men will take in charge a stranger who falls ill in their city, one with no further claim upon them than the fact that he is a Brother-Knight, and when this fact assures him and his friends that he is given the best of care through his long illness, no one doubts that the tie of their brotherhood is a very real one to them. Everywhere is noticeable the spirit of helpfulness and of sympathetic interest that holds the Knights together.

Membership is drawn "from all nationalities and all walks of life, creating a bond of Catholic unity that no other Catholic organization has attained." Careful precautions are taken in admitting new members, as a safeguard against possible unworthiness. When an application is received, the religion, moral character, business and social standing, and health of the applicant are inquired into searchingly; a member must be a practical Catholic, and one not engaged in the liquor traffic. An unfavorable report of the investigation committee prohibits the balloting on a name, and more than four adverse votes "black-ball" an appli-

cant. These precautions may be taken as a guarantee that the Order is made up of representative Catholics. "When men are banded together in strong organization, for strong and worthy purposes, there cannot fail to be splendid results in a social and fraternal way for the Church of which they are members, and for the municipality of which they are a part."

Second of the points of unity is patriotism. The Knights take the stand that as Christians they serve the Church; as citizens, the State, and they believe that each sphere has its separate functions. They insist upon statesmen giving to the Church its due. "The time has long past when a Catholic has to give further evidence of his patriotism and loyalty. It should be the daily endeavor of every son of the Church to prove to the nation and to the world that by the pathway of Catholic teaching is the end of true and unquestioned patriotism attained." Politics are forbidden to enter the Order directly or indirectly, but the Knights "stand for law and order, and behind the guns in Army and Navy." The present Governor of Rhode Island impressed upon the Knights that it depends upon them whether the young men of the future are to have the opportunities they wish them to have.

Whilst the Knights of Columbus are a secular organization, its Constitution points out that devotion to the Church is deemed to be a most important element as a bond of unity. The interests of the Church are made so large a part of the Order's interests that a prelate has declared them to be a powerful arm of the Church. Many are the tributes paid the Knights by ecclesiastical authorities. Cardinal Satolli, when in St. Paul on his visit to this country in 1904, spoke thus:—"I declare that henceforth I shall cherish a special regard for the Knights of Columbus, and I trust it may have a field growing wider with years, and a future blessed with prosperity. . . . For twenty centuries there has been in the Church an unbroken succession of fraternal associations to suit the needs and conditions of humanity. The history especially of the Middle Ages in Christian Europe is a wonderful record of institutions for every social class, in arts and trades, in industries and commerce. They were destroyed by subsequent changes, but everywhere the

Church has given new birth to others more numerous and more active. Among them in America, I am pleased to number the Knights of Columbus. The very name of that glory of Italy, the discoverer of America, entitles you to confidence and sympathy in a special degree."

Archbishop Ireland followed the Cardinal's statements by saying that, "never since the organization of the society were such words of commendation spoken by high Church authority." And then, in response,—"Allow me, Your Eminence, to say that you have reason to trust them. They are the gentlemen of our Catholic laity. I am proud of them; I honor them, and with you, I wish them constant growing success in the future."

In Buffalo, Cardinal Satolli said,—"It is my firm and public opinion that the Knights of Columbus are entitled to the respect of all in social and civil life in this country. . . . It shall be my duty when I go back to the Holy Father at Rome to publicly express my highest opinion of the Knights of Columbus."

Cardinal Gibbons, in closing the address he made upon the occasion of the presentation of a Chair of American History by the Knights of Columbus to the Catholic University of Washington, said: "May you always deserve in the future as you have merited in the past, the confidence and support of the prelates and clergy of the United States." In a letter since written, he gives the highest of praise: "Glancing back over their past history, I am rejoiced to behold a vision of splendid achievements for God, religion, education, and country. The Knights have gone about doing good, holding their religion aloft as a torch to attract the wanderers in the dark, and to illumine their pathway toward God. Their tribute to Catholic education was made not many months ago, when the Catholic University became the grateful recipient of their lavish bounty. And now, looking forward to the future, keeping ever in view their past record, I clearly foresee a continuation of the same noble work, of the same lofty spirit, and also of a larger growth in membership. I entertain, then, the hope that the unswerving loyalty to God and the country, which has distinguished the Knights in the past, will, in like manner, be the crowning glory of their future career."

Mgr. O'Connell, Rector of the Catholic University, made the

assurance that the prelates and the University regarded the Order as "a most distinguished body of gentlemen and citizens. . . . In your corporate organization and in the standing of each individual of your membership, we regard you as one of the most noble and most energetic outcomings of the Catholic Church in America in modern times."

The Rt. Rev. Francis A. Gasquet, the distinguished Abbot of the English Benedictines, after returning from his visit to this country said, when asked about American Catholic organizations: "The Knights of Columbus, for instance, give splendid support to the Church. . . . The bishops and priests find that they have in it the nucleus of an organization that may be used for any useful purpose. . . . It is a Catholic organization without distinction of party or nationality. If in France, say, there existed such an organization, we should not have the present state of affairs."

At the first national celebration of the Order's special anniversary, October 12, 1904, Columbus Day at the St. Louis Exposition, when the ceremonies of the Knights commemorating Landing Day were honored by the highest ecclesiastical dignitaries of Missouri, Archbishop Glennon paid the Order a glowing tribute, dwelling particularly on the good which it is accomplishing for the Church.

In the States of Washington and Oregon especially is the work of the Order most effective. It is carried on under tremendous difficulties, for these States are truly a missionary field, with the Catholic population scattered, and the priests few in number, with heavy demands upon them. The future Catholicism of these States will owe much to the Order which is blessed and honored by the bishops and priests, as well as the people.

The summing up of the aims of the organization is found in the following words of one of its members: "The idea underlying all our professions and performances is our great desire to serve and our belief in the efficacy of Catholic progress; to this idea all other considerations are subordinate—to this idea all other views should be secondary, otherwise the efforts of the organization would represent the shadow without the substance; it would be the state of the body without the soul!"

The lecture courses that are given under the auspices of different Councils afford opportunity to hear prominent statesmen and educators, and furthermore, develops the social side in Catholic life, so often neglected.

Increasing opportunities for the Order's well-being depend largely upon its growth. Canada has been organized for some time and a charter was lately issued for instituting the first Council in the Philippines, at Manila, with one hundred members enrolled. It is said that some European countries are desirous of having their sons numbered among the Knights, but so far the Order has been an American one. One hundred and fifty new Councils were instituted in 1904. In June of that year, when the National Council met at Louisville, the first meeting outside New Haven, the cradle of the Order, it decided to convene at Los Angeles during this month for the business of 1905.

So there in the "Land of the Golden Gate," "where Catholic memories were richest and where the present influence of the unbeliever was strongest," the Knights are now gathering from North and South, East and West. The Governor of California, the Mayor of the city, and the directors of the Chamber of Commerce will tender a reception to the Supreme Knight and the delegates. Madame Helena Modjeska will head the Ladies' Reception Committee at all the social events, and will be particularly prominent at San Juan Capistrano, as her mountain home is near the old Franciscan Mission, fifty-six miles from Los Angeles, which the Knights will visit in a body. Her husband, Count Bozenta, a charter member of Los Angeles Council, with Charles F. Lummis, the writer and archæologist, will figure among the amateur chefs at "San Juan by the Sea."

As the mind's eye looks backward over less than a quarter of a century, when in an Eastern city near the great Atlantic the Order first rose, a comparison suggests itself between then and now. The Order's work continues to be done as quietly and unostentatiously in these days of its glory and power as in the days of its humble beginning. That it has grown to be such a magnificent body would have been a matter for marvel could it have been foretold even a decade ago. The words of the Supreme Knight are literally true,—"From Quebec to the sun-kissed shores of

Mexico, and from the land of Evangeline to the Pacific Ocean, our Order has been spread over the country." There by the Western sea, before they have celebrated their Silver Jubilee, the Knights of Columbus are holding what is confidently looked forward to as one of the greatest meetings in their history.

Bishop Harkins of Providence bids the Knights,—"Be true to that for which you are established, just as the Church herself is made strong and kept alive by fidelity to the principles of her Founder." If they are true, and are made strong in their fidelity, it is safe to predict that long before the Order has celebrated its Golden Jubilee, it will be one of the greatest powers for good of modern times.

E. M. McCULLOUGH.

GLENANAAR.

A Story of Irish Life.

CHAPTER XXII.—REVELATIONS.

ALTHOUGH popular enthusiasm had more or less died out after the 'sixty-seven rising, my own feelings seemed to be rather intensified. And with all the thoughtlessness of youth, I was not slow to express myself freely on those political matters which are best consulted for by silence. But no! I had read up Irish history, especially Mitchell's, and my blood ran flame. It was Ireland, and Ireland, and Ireland, ever present to waking thought and sleep's dreams. How I raged against her persecutors, and how I yearned for revenge! But all my fury was reserved for her traitors, from MacMurrough downward through all her black history; and the words "traitor," "informer," "approver," seemed to hold me by a kind of obsession. But people only smiled. At home they had long since ceased to remonstrate with me.

One Sunday evening we had a pitched battle, a great supreme trial of strength at hurling between the parishes of Glenroe and Ardpatrick in the County Limerick, and Kildorrery in the County Cork. I belonged to neither parish, but I was asked by the latter to go with them; and no objection was made by the other side. It was a glorious evening, the whole countryside was there; our

blood was up, and we fought like demons for victory. So intense was the feeling on both sides that a big faction-fight was expected, and we were near it; and I was the innocent cause. After several unsuccessful trials, I had managed to get the ball within reach of the goal, and swung my hurley round my head for the final stroke. I made it successfully, and won the match; but the back-swing had struck an opponent, a young lad, on the mouth and had smashed in his front teeth. I was so excited that I never thought of looking around until I saw the black ball sailing out between the poles. Then I turned. The boy had spat out his bloody teeth, and there was a crowd around him. I was instantly accused of having done it deliberately; and you know how the passions of an Irish crowd will rise. I denied it, and expressed my sorrow. But between their rage at defeat and the boy's sufferings, they could not be satisfied. Their anger rose every moment, until at last an ill-disposed fellow came near me, and, relying on the help around him, he struck me and said:

"You did, you cur! I saw you hit him, you b—— son of an informer!"

The hurley fell from my hand as if I were paralyzed. The Kildorrery men, who had been grouping around me with the conviction that they were bound to support their champion, slunk away one by one. I put on my coat without a word and left the field. Father, he continued, there are certain times in men's lives when all things seem to be rushing together, and night and day, life and death, heaven and hell, seem all alike. That moment was one. It was a sudden flash that lit up all the past, and darkened all the future of my life.

He paused and gulped down his emotion; and my sympathies began to increase toward him at every pause in his narration.

I had crossed two fields toward home when my humiliation gave way to a sudden paroxysm of passion that literally lifted me off my feet. I had taken for granted that there was some foundation for the ruffianly taunt. Then the thought swept back upon me: What if the fellow is a liar? I ran back. The crowd had partly dispersed; but groups of young men, seeing me return in such an excited state, began to gather together again, and they had formed a knot around the wounded boy (who was still spit-

ting blood) and his champion. I strode up, and my face must have been a fright, for the crowd gave way. I burst into the midst of them, and said to the fellow that had struck me:

"Grogan, you struck me a coward's blow a few minutes ago. I didn't mind that. But you said something at the same time that I do mind. Can you prove it?"

"Go home, Casey, with your friends," he said, "and let's hear no more of it now."

"By the living God," I cried, in a fearful fury, "you'll prove, here and now, what you said, or I'll ram the lie down your throat."

"I tell you go home," said he, somewhat frightened. "You have done mischief enough already."

"'Tis a coward and a blackguard," I exclaimed, "who won't take back his words nor prove them. Now confess that what you said was a lie!"

"I tell you, Casey, let well alone," he said. "Don't mind a hasty word said in a passion."

"I wouldn't," I replied. "But that was more than a hasty word. Come, quick! I'll stand no humbugging now. Say you told a lie when you said I was the breed of an informer."

"I can't say it," he said, holding down his head.

"Then 'twas the truth?" I asked.

He was silent.

"Come, you ruffian," I said, now losing all control of myself, and seizing him by the collar. "Deny what you have said is a lie, or by heavens I'll make you eat your words."

He tried to swing himself free, but I held him with a grip of iron. One or two fellows came forward to help him. I kicked them aside. Then he was badly frightened, and blurted out:

"Bear witness, boys, that he is forcing me to do what I don't want to do."

"I only want you to tell the truth, and shame the devil," I cried.

"Then the shame be yours, Terence Casey," he replied. "You know as well as I do, that your mother is the daughter of Croumper Daly, the informer."

"'Tis an infernal lie, you scoundrel," I said, with clenched

teeth. "Take back the word, or I'll smash your face so that your mother won't know you."

"Unhand him, Casey," said an old man. "Sure the boy has only said what every wan in the counthry knows."

"Do you know it?" I said.

"I do," said he, "an' everybody else."

"Then," I said, lifting my face to heaven, "may God help me, for that's the first time it was ever told me!"

As I left the field, the crowd understanding my feelings gave way with a certain kind of pity and respect. They found it difficult to understand how the knowledge of the terrible secret could have been so long kept from me. But they evidently believed in my sincerity, and pitied me under the awful revelation.

As for myself, a whole crowd of horrible thoughts, recollections, forebodings, sensations, swept every vestige of reason and common sense away. I was a sheer madman, if madness is the inability to control one's imagination or feeling. I did not return home that night. I quietly made up my mind never to sleep a night under that roof again. I went up among the hills, seeking out one particularly desert and savage spot which seemed to have been never trodden except by the feet of goats. There I wandered round and round all that terrible night, a prey to every kind of humiliating and shameful thoughts. If I rested even for a moment on a red boulder, or a clump of heather, I was up in a moment again. There was no sitting or standing still under such a fever of thought as was stinging my brain to madness. The worst and most painful recollection was, that I had been actually courting shame and humiliation all these years by my fierce denunciations of the class whose blood ran in my own veins. I now recall with untold agony the smile that ran around a whole circle of auditors when I was unusually vehement in my patriotism. How these men, who held my secret, must have despised me! What a hypocrite they must have deemed me! But this was not the worst. The worst was, that I, who so loved my gentle mother that I almost worshipped her, began to loathe and hate her. I struggled against the hellish feeling a long time. I tried to recall every little incident of affection and love that had surrounded my childhood and my youth; all the little marks of maternal

solicitude that had knit my own affections so closely to her that I would gladly have died to show my loyalty and love. But, the words, "Daly's daughter," "Daly's daughter," and all they meant, would come up with all their loathsome associations; and do what I would, I could not conquer an indefinable contempt and dislike for one who had sprung from the lowest and most degraded of the species. All this seemed to me then and seems to me now the purest extravagance; but you know how we were brought up, and how fiercely traditions of this kind take hold of Irish imaginations. Tainted blood, inherited shame, is a terrible heritage amongst a people who attach supreme importance to these things. And the words I heard nearly a quarter of a century ago in that field near Kildorrery, "the breed of an informer," have haunted me all my life, and will haunt me to my dying day.

He stopped again, and I didn't interrupt him. I perfectly understood all that this meant. A loss of caste amongst the Orientals would be nothing to the entailed shame of which he was so painfully conscious.

"You remember my anxiety about concealing my identity here," he continued. "You thought it unreasonable; I don't."

"I think," I said, "that the people now, under more enlightened circumstances, and better education, are freeing themselves from many of these old prejudices. At least, you don't hear any references to them in ordinary life."

"And I," he replied, "had grown to the age of manhood before I ever heard of my mother's shame. Then it broke on me like a flash of lightning."

"That's true, too," I said, "but at least it argues a more rational and a more Christian frame of thought that the wretched business was never flung in your face for so many years."

"That's quite true," he replied. "But would you believe it followed me across the ocean, and embittered my whole life?"

"Impossible!" I said.

"It is true," he answed. "I have never yet met but one, and you, Father, who did not shrink from me at the moment of revelation. And how can anyone wonder that I have sought her across sea and land, and shall find no rest till I find her, if haply she is yet living?"

"That was the young girl you spoke of whose father objected to your marriage with her?"

"Yes! And his words were not the least bitter that came back to me that night beneath the stars, when I remembered them, and recognized their meaning. But I must go on to the end, if I am not tiring you."

"By no manner of means, my dear fellow," I replied. "I am deeply interested in the narrative. I never thought this quiet little place could have produced such a romance and such a tragedy."

Well, he continued, I came down the following morning from the hills, and entered the forge; and, without a word, flung off my coat and put on my apron. My father and myself worked steadily on, without exchanging a word, until just about dinner time, when Donal Connors came in. He said: I "heard ye were near having a big row at the match yesterday, Ted. Who won?"

"We won," I said laconically, and went on with my work.

After a few minutes, my father said: "What was the row about that Donal spakes of?"

I said nothing, but went on working.

After a few more seconds he again asked: "It must be a mighty secret whin you can't answer a civil question of your father."

I flung the sledge aside, and confronting him I said with very ill-concealed fury:

"Lave me ask you another question. What the divil possessed you to marry the daughter of an informer?"

Chapter XXIII.—Parted.

My father did not answer, although I saw his face draw down and whiten, and I expected a burst of fury; but a voice just behind me, which I knew to be that of Donal Connors, said with a hoarse savageness:

"Because he was a better and a braver man than you, you contemptible cur!"

I turned swiftly, and saw, and oh, my God! the vision will never leave my brain, neither Donal Connors, although he was

within a yard of me, nor anything else in God's universe, but the pale face and staring eyes of my mother. She had come out with Donal to call us in to dinner, and had heard my insulting question. She said nothing, only looked at me with speechless sorrow; and I could have gone down into hell with shame. And yet, standing there in all my self-loathing, I could not forgive her for the shame she wrought on me; I could not forgive her for the blameless disgrace she had inherited. Mark you! If she had been a fallen woman morally, and had been raised by the consecration of marriage to a new and honorable life, I could easily have forgotten it. But here it was blood that was tainted; and I hated her as well as myself.

"Come in to dinner," she said, and turned back into the house.

I went straight to my bed-room, and commenced to pack up every little thing I possessed in this world. Even then, my good angel whispered to me: "Go down and clasp your mother's knees and beg her forgiveness, and get her kiss of peace." But the devil whispered: "*Daly's daughter! Daly's daughter!*" and I listened to him. I took up my wretched bundle and came to the door. I could see by a glance the two men sitting at dinner, the white table, the big pile of potatoes, the red salt meat, the cabbage, and the porringers. My mother stood at the door. She said quietly:

"Ted, where are you going? Aren't you comin' to your dinner?"

I said nothing, but tried to pass her. My father cried out:

"Come in, Nodlag, an' let that fellow go to the divil, where he'll be welcome!"

My mother stood aside, and I passed out. About a hundred yards down the road, I turned to get a last look at the old place. She was standing in the doorway again; and when she saw me, she stretched out her hands toward me. I turned away.

Here the poor fellow was simply choked with emotion, and was silent for several minutes. He resumed, as soon as he could steady his voice:

They may say as much as they like about drink, and 'tis bad enough, God knows! And there are other things worse! But

far and away the worst devil that can occupy the heart of man is pride! And yet, see how things work. That last look at my mother, and my own sin, was also my salvation. You know, Father, that when you go abroad you hear lots of queer things you never heard of in Ireland. Well, many and many a time in miners' camps in Nevada, in drinking saloons in California, in rough huts in some cañon of the Rockies, I had to listen to many and many a word against God and religion from men who had no belief in either. And these things make an impression. But the thought of my sin and of my mother's patient face banished the temptation, and I prayed God to leave me my belief in Him and His great world beyond the grave, if only that I might have the chance of going down on my knees and begging forgiveness for my one great sin. I never saw her face again. I heard far away in the Rockies that she died soon after my departure, and that she was buried side by side with the old man who had been her lifelong friend. There I made my first pilgrimage on my return to Ireland. There I knelt and prayed as I had never prayed before. And so terrible was the flood of anguish that came down upon my soul, that I tore up the grass above her grave, and cried aloud in my agony. You'd hardly believe it of a cool, calculating Yankee. But there are hot springs in the human heart that never leap to the surface till they are bored through by sorrow and remorse.

Well, that afternoon, as I turned my back upon my own home forever, I felt without a friend in the world. I knew from what had occurred the day before at the hurling match, and from what had been revealed at home, that my secret was the world's secret, and that there was no question of my facing the acquaintances of my youth and manhood again. I made up my mind to change my name; then I saw that my father's name was unsoiled, and I thought I would cling to it, and go out to the New World to make my fortune, or fail, like so many more of my countrymen.

One face only I should see before I went, one hand I should grasp, and then liberate forever, as I couldn't offer her mine. I sent her word, and she came to me at our old trysting-place beneath the aged whitethorn. It was one of those lovely spring or early summer evenings that haunt you forever, especially if

associated with some tragic or pathetic event in your life. She saw at once with a woman's swift insight that something serious had occurred. My bundle of clothes and heavy stick indicated this. But she said nothing. She allowed me to speak. I said simply:

"I have come, Nora, to say good-bye! and forever!"

Her eyes filled with tears. She said:

"You have heard something?"

I answered, "Yes." Then I said:

"It was not kind of you, Nora, never to tell me this all these years!"

She looked up, and said:

"Unkind? I thought I was doing enough when I was prepared to take you, for good or ill, in the face of the world!"

My brave girl!

"Then," I said, "you always knew the horrible taint in my blood?"

"I knew about your parents," she replied. "I knew nothing of yourself, except——."

"That with all you knew, and in spite of the opposition of your parents and friends, and in face of the world that would despise you, you were still prepared to take me!"

"Yes," she replied, modestly, but firmly.

"Then, Nora," I exclaimed, "I should be the meanest man on the face of the earth if I took advantage of your love and loyalty to bring you to shame and sorrow."

"That means you are giving me up, Terence Casey?" she said.

"It does," I replied. "Don't ask me to repeat what you know already, that I think more of you than of anyone else on the face of the earth; and if I were a free man, I should marry you, and no one else, though she was Queen of England. But how can I take advantage of you, and bring you to shame before the world?"

"You are going away?" she said, simply.

"Yes," I answered.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"To America," I replied.

"What can they know of you or me in America?" she asked. "Let us go abroad as man and wife in the face of the world. And who cares, or will care, about our history in America?"

She looked up at me as she spoke. It was the hardest temptation of my life. There was truth in what she said; but there was also the stinging truth that no one, least of all an Irishman, entirely cuts the cords that bind him to his motherland. And if there were no shame for her or me, there would be the reflected and keener disgrace on those she left behind. I made up my mind at once.

"'Twould never do, Nora," I said. "Your people would suppose that I acted shamefully toward them and you. They would never forgive me, and they would never forgive you."

"I'm prepared to bear that, if you are prepared to bear the same."

"I don't mind my own shame," I replied. "But I mustn't ask you or your family to share it."

"There!" she replied. "I mustn't be throwing meself at you any longer. Good-bye, Terence Casey!"

"Good-bye, Nora! I leave you free, as there was a hand and word between us. But will you promise me one thing?"

"What is it?"

"I want you to go and see my mother sometimes, and think of me when I am far away. Perhaps, —— but there's no use of thinking of those things! See her sometimes, Nora, and tell her, will you tell her from me, Nora? will you tell her——?"

"What?" she said.

"I want you to tell her," I said, sobbing, "to tell her from me——"

There I stopped. I couldn't go further if I had an offer o half the world.

"There, good-bye, and God bless you!"

I turned away my head, took her hand in mine, and dropped it instantly, and strode away. I had gone a few yards, when she cried after me:

"Ted!"

I turned around and looked. The full sunset was on her face and hair, as she stood in her Sunday dress there beneath the

blossoming thorn. She held her hands clasped and fallen down before her. I dared not look further, or I would have gone back and dared the world and the devil with her. I waved my hand in a parting farewell; it was the last I saw of the face that has been haunting me all these years,—the face of Nora Curtin.

"Thunder and turf!" I exclaimed, and it wasn't that I said either, but something more expressive, "what did you say, man?"

I had jumped from the chair, and was confronting him.

"Nora Curtin!" he said, almost alarmed at my excitement.

"Of where?" I said, forgetting grammar and everything else.

"Of Glenanaar, or, if you like, Ballinslea," he replied. "Don't you remember how reluctant I was about your widow-nurse from Glenanaar?"

"But, my dear fellow, that *was* Nora Curtin; and she's not twenty yards in a bee-line from you this moment."

"Then," he said rising up, "I go straight to seek her."

"Oh, you won't," I cried, pushing him back into the chair. "Do you want to give the little woman a fit?"

He became quite excited.

"Father," he said, steadying his voice, "just listen to me for a minute."

I let him talk on, whilst I was making up my mind what to do. I knew he had a certain vision before him, the vision beneath the whitethorn in the sunset, and all the *etceteras* of youth and beauty. I knew also that time and sorrow had wrought changes; and that age with its *etceteras* might not seem even to so faithful a soul so attractive as he had dreamed. Yet, it was a magnificent chance for that little woman, in whom now I felt an increased interest, and for her two dear children whose future looked so difficult and uncertain. It was a chance not to be thrown away. There were, I knew, great probabilities of disappointment, but the fear of them faded as I listened to him.

He moistened his lips, and went on:

"You see, Father, it is this way. I carried with me in my exile a vision of two women,—one whom I loved and had wronged; the other, whom I loved, but could not sacrifice, even for my own welfare. These two haunted me for the quarter of a century I

have spent abroad; and when I say haunted me, I mean that they were ever present to my mind, always in my waking moments, and sometimes in my sleep. In the beginning, the excitement of looking for work, and failing to obtain it, sometimes blurred that vision. But then, when I began to reach some certain degree of success, they came back more vivid than ever. If I lay awake at night, as often I did, too tired even to sleep, I saw them on my right hand and on my left,—my mother, always in the old listening attitude, as if she were hearkening for some far-away voice, and I knew it was mine she desired to hear; and on my left, Nora, always as I saw her in her blue serge dress there beneath the thorn in the sunset. Then when I began to gather gold, and the yellow dross soiled my hands and my dress, I said, 'I do not value it but for them. For them I shall hoard it, and keep it, and go back some day and'——there, I left the future and dare not lift the veil. Then one day it came to my knowledge that my mother was dead and only one part of the vision remained, but it came more vividly just because it was now isolated and alone. And it saved me, from rough men, from a vicious life, from the thousand and one temptations that beset a young man in a place where man's passions are let loose, and no law of man or fear of God can restrain them.

"The moment your mother was dead," I interrupted, "you should have sent straight for Nora, and taken her out and married her."

"I would have done so," he replied, "but for one thing. You know, you can understand how the horror of being known and pursued by the phantom of my shame did gradually disappear under the excitement of my new life, so much so that I had almost forgotten it and had begun to reason that Nora was right and that I should have listened to her suggestion, when an appalling incident occurred that brought back the whole thing again, and made me flee farther from civilization than ever. It shows how small is the world, and how I must despair of ever getting rid of this horrid thing that will pursue me to my grave."

Chapter XXIV.—The Phantom Again.

It happened in this way. Life is still pretty rough out West; but nothing like what it was when I went out there first, a raw, inexperienced fellow, used to hardship, but a stranger to violence. It's very different giving a fellow a shoulder and sending him sprawling on the soft grass, and putting the cold iron to his forehead with your finger on the trigger. Yet, that's what it all comes to out there where there was no law, no trial, no jury, no judge. You simply heard that you were looked for, and the next thing was to find a lasso round your neck, or the revolver at your head. I did not relish that kind of thing much nohow, so I kept away from these rough fellows as much as I could, and worked my own way in silence. But do what I could, I should knock up against them from time to time in a saloon, in the diggings, across the prairies, up amid the snows. They were rough fellows, each of whom had a pretty bad record in his past; but there was a singular code of honor among them. Your claim once opened was respected, until you sold it, or abandoned it. Your little heap was as safe as in the Bank of England. You had only to say:

"Bill, or Jake, there's three thousand there in dust and solid. Keep it for me till I return."

And you might not return for six months or a year; and it would be safe in his hands. He would give his life to defend it. The one that would break that code of honor, answered with his life.

Well, it happened one night up in Nevada, where the silver mines had been opened up, and rapid fortunes were being made, I found myself sitting round a camp-fire with a lot of desperadoes. It was a cold night; and we clustered close around an immense fire of blazing logs, before we sought the shelter of our huts. The bottle went round, and many of the fellows were noisy enough. But one great burly fellow who sat on my right, smoked and smoked leisurely, and only at rare intervals, drank, and then moderately. Many of the fellows, half-drunk, had got back to their rude bunks, and still we two smoked and smoked, and strangely enough, in absolute silence. I was mute, because I knew my man. He was called Big Din, from which, and from the strange dialect he spoke, half brogue, half miner, I concluded

that he was an Irishman, but well acclimatized. I knew him to be a desperado, ever anxious to pick a quarrel, which was ended but in one way. At last, when nearly all had gone away, and the blazing logs were now smouldering into red embers and white wood ashes, I rose stiffly and said :—

"I guess we had better cut this now!"

He said gruffly :—

"Sit down, youngster. I wants to hev a chat with you."

"You wasted a deuced lot of time in making up your mind," I said gaily. "I guessed you wos a Quaker or a statoo."

But I sat down.

"You're from the ould dart, I guess?" he said at length. "So am I. Now what part might you have kem from?"

He had turned around, and putting his face close to mine, so that I could smell his breath, he screwed his eyes into mine as if he would read my soul.

In an instant I realized the importance of the question and said :—

"From the borders of the County Limerick. Now, where do you hail from?"

He flung the ashes from his pipe, and rose up.

"It don't make no matther, youngster. Tell me, have you ever kem acrass in these here counthries a fellow called Dailey, a hell's fire of a darned cuss!"

"Dailey! Dailey!" I repeated. "No, I can't say I have."

"If iver you meet him," continued Big Din, "tell him there's some wan on his thrack; and the sooner he gives hisself up to justice the betther!"

"I will," I said. "But I guess that's not likely. 'Tis a big counthry out here."

"'Tis smaller than you think," he said. "And the whole wurruld is smaller than you think. That is," he added meaningly, "whin revinge is on your thrack."

"But," he continued after a short pause, which I thought would never end, "ye niver hard of the Doneraile Conspiracy in yere part of the counthry?"

"Never," I answered promptly. "What was it about? It must have been a long time ago."

"It was, and it wasn't," he said. "Not long enough to be disremembered yet, specially whin it comes home to yerself. There's an ould sayin', an' a thrue wan: 'What's bred in the blood is got in the bone.' Eh?"

"I heard it," I said, as calmly as I could.

"Wal, there it is as plain as a pike staff. Dailey, the —— cuss, gev good men an' thrue into the hangman's hands over there in the ould dart thirty years agone; and Dailey gev my mate into the sheriff's hands here in Sacramento. *Thiggin thu?* Good night, youngster; an' be an' hones' man ef you can."

The night was cold, but I was frozen and flushed alternately there in the snows of Nevada. It was fortunate for me that the fire had burned low and threw but a few red and black shadows on our faces, for otherwise my agitation would have betrayed me. I got away as fast as I could; but spent that night and many others pondering on these strange sayings, and wondering how would they ultimately affect me. What puzzled me mostly was, who this Dailey was of whom Big Din spoke. It surely could not be my grandfather, unless he had lived to a very advanced age. And then, how did his secret history transpire? I saw at once that he had effectually concealed his name under the new pronunciation,[1] more effectually than if he had changed it altogether, because even I, when I heard the name Dailey, never connected it with the family. But the whole affair made me feel nervous about myself and my future. I determined to leave there at once and strike north, further away from civilization, but further away also from a great and possible danger. I went to the north of the great Salt Lake City, passed through Idaho, got through a pass in the mountains right under Fremont's Peak, and at last settled down and bought a ranch near Shoshone Lake, in the extreme north of the State of Wyoming. That is my home now, and there I will take Nora, if she will have me. Say, Father, when may I see her? My time is up here, and I must be going back. I had one hope coming here, and that is now near being realized; and one fear, but that is vanishing.

"You know, my dear fellow," I said, "I would take you to her this moment, but it means a shock. Give me a day or so to prepare her."

[1] Daly is generally pronounced Dawley in Ireland.

"Wal, then, Father," he said, "let us say Sunday night."

"Be it so," I replied. "But you said you had one fear. What fear?"

"The fear that the dreadful thing would follow me here. Or rather that it would crop up here, where it can never have entirely died away."

"Your alarm is quite unfounded, my dear fellow," I said, and I fully believed it. "The Doneraile Conspiracy is as forgotten here as the famine. We're living now under new conditions of life. What would be the talk of the country fireside for months and years when you were a boy, is now forgotten in a week. You should get that dread off your nerves as soon as possible."

"I've tried," he said, "but I can't say I have succeeded. When you once get a bad shock——, but I did not finish my story."

"No," I said. "I left you comfortably settled at Shoshone Lake, wherever it is, on your ranch, and amidst your fishing and your cattle."

"Wal," he said, "there's not much more. I lived there some years, working hard, but very happy. I was well off; and many an offer of marriage was made me, that would have doubled my means. But no! That was not to be. I had a great deal of time on hands; there the winters are long and terrible, and I had to while away the loneliness by reading. You know I had but little education at home. Wal, there I had to read. I bought every book I could find, and read the whole winter through. Then, from time to time, a French Canadian trapper would cross the border, or a German settler would come along prospecting, and I picked up a smattering of their languages from them. So that I have altogether read a good deal, though I cannot call myself an educated man. Wal, one summer I left my little diggings and went up to Butte. It is now a big city, and promises to be a capital yet. Then it was but a rising town, and had an evil reputation for the classes that congregated there. Probably I would have avoided it; but I wanted a few winter necessaries, and especially books. I was very careful to avoid saloons and the public halls; but fate would have it that I struck across an old chum, and, as usual, we had a drink together. As

we entered the back parlor of the saloon, a young man, not more than twenty-five or twenty-six years of age, rose up, and, after glancing stealthily at us, passed out. He had been smoking and reading a newspaper, which he flung aside the moment he saw us.

"On the run, I guess," said my old mate, and we thought no more of it. Late in the evening, and just as the full moon was coming up the valley and making its way slowly through the gorges, I had my team tackled and ready to start. I was passing the saloon at a trot, when this old chum of mine, now much the worse for liquor, again accosted me. He was surrounded by a number of men grouped here and there at the door of the saloon. I was very angry for the delay and the danger, but I had no alternative but to dismount, hitch my wagon to the rail outside the saloon and go in. I was not long detained. One of those awful tragedies that happen swift and sudden as a tornado in those lawless places, liberated me. We had gone into the inner parlor of the saloon. Four men were playing poker with a grimy pack of cards. I recognized two—Big Din, now grey and grizzled, but apparently as dangerous as ever, and sitting quite close to him was the young man who had left the saloon as we entered that morning. I could see that he was ill at ease. His hands shook as he dealt out the cards. I concluded that it was drink. It was deadly fear. Several dangerous-looking fellows lounged about, and occasionally looked at the players. Suddenly, I heard a voice saying in a quiet, passionless tone:

"You're chating, mate!"

There was an oath from the young man, and a nervous declaration of innocence.

"See here, you Pete, and you, Abe, just watch this youngster, and see if I'm right!"

It was the closing in of the wolves around the doomed man; and I hastened to go.

"Stop!" cried my friend. "There's goin' to be some fun, I reckon. You may never see this 'ere circus again!"

The play went on silently. Then again Big Din said:—

"Now, was I right, mates? You seen the damned cuss yersels."

In an instant there was the crack of a revolver and Big Din's hand hung helpless at his side. The young man had arisen, the smoking weapon in his hand. He saw that he was doomed and determined to anticipate. His hand was seized in a moment, and one of the roughs said:—

"Allow me, youngster. 'Tis too dangerous a toy for a child."

He took the revolver from him and drew all the charges save one.

"Five paces," said Big Din, whilst they were binding his wounded arm, "and his face to the lamp."

In a second the two men were face to face. I crouched low, fearing the miscarriage of a bullet.

"Stand up," said a voice. "There is no danger here. Big Din never missed his game yet."

The word was given. The two reports rang out simultaneously. I heard the crash of glass behind Big Din's head, and knew he was safe. When the smoke cleared, the young man was at my feet and I saw the tiny stream trickling from his forehead. Big Din came across and turned over with his foot his dead antagonist.

"I knew we'd meet," he said. "Lie there you sneak-thief; you b—— son of an informer!"

I gathered my wits together, and with the dreadful words pursuing me like demons, I loosed my team and sped fast into the night.

For days and days the dreadful words haunted me. They seemed an echo of what I had heard that evening in the field at Kildorrery; and I could not help asking myself would they pursue me all my life long and even to my grave. I knew they had an intimate connection with myself; for putting all Big Din's questions together it was quite clear that these Daileys were my own people; and probably my mother's father had married again and that that young lad was my uncle. It seemed too horrible; and yet stranger things have happened. For the world is small; and one never knows whom you may knock up against in the vicissitudes of life.

However, time and occupation more or less dimmed my recollection of these things; but the old horror came back when I

finally determined to visit this old land again. I argued that if such things can be carried across the ocean and confront you away from civilization, surely the same, or worse, may occur on the very spot where these things happened. However, Father, you have reassured me somewhat. It only now remains to see Nora, learn my fate, and leave Ireland for ever.

I little dreamed that the old phantom would crop up, and in the most unexpected place. But it was soon exorcised and for ever.

P. A. SHEEHAN.

Doneraile, Ireland.

[To be continued.]

PHYSICIANS AND NURSES IN CATHOLIC HOSPITALS.

PROF. DR. OSLER, whose recent observations on the age-limit of utility in human life have provoked overmuch serious comment in professional circles and in the American press generally, offered, before leaving for his new duties at the University of Oxford, some really practical words of advice to the managers of American hospitals. His criticism has a moral as well as a utilitarian bearing; and it appeals in a special sense to those who direct or control the appointment of the medical staffs in our hospital service.

Under the actual "system of hospital management the assistants in the hospitals are young men, who serve for a year, or at most two, without salary, and only for the purpose of familiarizing themselves with the practical side of medicine. The visiting hospital staff is composed of men who are so busy with their practice as to have very little time for original observation," etc. Everybody familiar with hospital work knows how true this is, and it is not necessary to indicate the disadvantages and risks under which patients suffer on this account, whilst the progress of medical research is actually impeded thereby, a fact which Dr. Osler has mainly in view in his contention. This system of appointment is all the more hurtful because the responsibility which devolves upon the medical authorities of the hospital is

divided in such cases among those who are naturally interested in shielding their professional associates from being brought to task for any errors resulting from inexperience or haste of the individual attendant in charge for the time. It is a fact that a series of successful operations performed by an able surgeon often suffices to give the staff and management of a hospital the reputation for superior efficiency; but it must also be admitted that such reputation is apt to cover any number of mistakes by those not so skilled, though associated in minor offices with an institution for which some able physician or surgeon has made a reputation, because of one or more individual operations to which he gave an attention which his ordinary outside practice prevents him from bestowing upon other patients in the institution.

A second source of evil in our hospital system, as presently constituted, is the fact that the appointments to the hospital staff are too often made dependent upon political influence, family tradition, church prejudice, and not upon merit or fitness of the individual to do good work.

In this matter it should be remembered that the method of training in our medical schools is such as to give real value to a graduate's diploma when it recommends him for hospital work. Unlike other professions, the ability of the medical graduate is not gauged by his acquisition of mere abstract knowledge; it demands proficiency in the practical field. His capacity for observation and diagnosis, his correctness and quickness of judgment, his nerve and presence of mind, are made to count when he passes his examination. Hence, other things being equal, the managers of our hospitals do wisely in accepting the verdict of a professional board of medical examiners, pronouncing upon the fitness of an applicant for medical service in a hospital. To meddle with that judgment for any but strictly moral reasons, must result in detriment to the service which is the sole purpose of a public hospital. For this reason a serious responsibility must rest upon managers of hospitals who yield to suasion or policy in appointing, or pushing forward candidates for membership of the medical staff, either because they are patronized by politicians who might obtain State aid for the hospital, or because they are friends or relatives of prominent ecclesiastics; or because they happen

to be agreeable people who have put individual regents of the hospital under obligation.

In this connection the question naturally rises, whether for ordinary service in a Catholic hospital a Catholic physician should be preferred to one that is not a Catholic, even when it is recognized that the professional attainments of the non-Catholic practitioner are superior.

Before answering this question, I wish to say with emphasis that the moral value of a Catholic physician is not to be determined by his having a Catholic ancestry or name, or by his being on familiar footing with some of the clergy, or by his assiduous coöperation in church affairs. This distinction may sound harsh and to some offensive, but it is true, and for that reason we must take it into consideration when discussing the importance of a choice of a physician who is to serve the patients and general needs of a hospital. A Catholic physician in the sense in which there is need of such in a Catholic hospital, is a man of Catholic principles. Such a man may not always have the name of Catholic among men of profession. His real character is to be tested by his practical convictions, not by his words or by signs that merely stand for religious profession in the general estimation. In this connection we may refer as illustration of our meaning to the example of a venerable archbishop, now dead, on whom it devolved to appoint a physician for one of his diocesan institutions. The doctor who was suggested for the position as most conveniently domiciled and within near reach of the institute, and who added to a considerable experience the reputation of being a prudent and skilful practitioner, was not a Catholic, in fact did not attend any church. The archbishop called him, and, according to the doctor's own statements made to the writer some years later, said: "Doctor, I have much respect for your profession, and I understand that you are an experienced physician; but before I entrust to you the bodily health of those whose spiritual life is of more concern to me than the wonderful framework of bone, muscle, and nerve that enshrines the soul and serves it as instrument, I take leave to ask you some questions." He then in the course of familiar conversation proposed certain problems of ethics, touching the following questions: What is the physician's

legitimate notion of God, of man's destiny, of the value of human life? What is the purpose of suffering, the freedom in the use of remedies to relieve pain? etc. Having satisfied himself that the convictions of the doctor were of such a character and depth as to safeguard the rational man's sense of responsibility toward the Creator and Ruler of his life, the prelate explained the Catholic view successively of the sacredness of the body as a shrine of an immortal soul; of the necessity of keeping that body from the corrupting influences indicated by excess; of using the physical and mental faculties for the service of God and our neighbor; of the laws of moderation and temperance as fundamental in all Christian asceticism; of the right exercise of penance for sin, as a discipline of restraint, as a correction, and as a rational satisfaction; of the right of supreme dominion over life belonging to God, so that neither the physician nor anyone else may *deliberately* sacrifice it or any portion of it, even for the preservation of other life entrusted to his care. The sphere of the physician, as the bishop pointed out, was to preserve and sustain life, never to take it or to coöperate in its taking by any direct act on his part. —After this conversation the physician began to realize, as he told the writer some twenty years later when he embraced the Catholic faith, the immense value of a religion which directed so well the aims of life.

Now this kind of examination in a medical attendant upon Catholics should be held of supreme importance, for it is an essential adjunct of the professional qualification, and should therefore be made a test to which applicants for position as residents in a Catholic hospital are to be subjected. It is no exaggeration to say that a physician who intelligently responds to this test, thereby gives, ordinarily, proof that both his knowledge on other points of his profession and his conscientious conviction in using this knowledge properly and to the advantage of the patients, may be relied upon. Still it is not to be supposed that noble principles can supply accurate medical knowledge or the proficiency which, in order to be available, must be brought into evidence.

What then hinders the managers of Catholic hospitals from carrying out such a programme by the severest, that is to say, the safest tests? The answer is plain:—

First of all, the allegiances already referred to, which pander to the considerations of human respect, friendship, hope of material advantages through political influences. Secondly, economy. The visiting staff as at present constituted in most hospitals gives its services free; this is done either from *esprit de corps*, or from motives of philanthropy, or from a desire of *renomée*. Occasionally there are special fees from individual patients. On the other hand, the resident physicians, all perhaps but one who superintends and takes the chief responsibility, serve without receiving a salary, because they wish to familiarize themselves with the duties of the profession from which they expect later on to reap other fruits of gain or reputation.

It is plain that few of these unsalaried officers or apprentices have any special incentive—such as a doctor who is paid for his services, and, therefore, made to feel the sense of justice to his patients—to take any particularly scrupulous view of their obligations to the hospital patients from whom they ask no fees. There is no need to assume any wilful negligence; we all know that services and gifts offered unsolicited and accepted cannot be weighed in the same exacting balance as services paid for. Whilst therefore the managers of a hospital feel that, in saving the salaries of the physicians who attend free, they are benefiting the institution, they must also realize that they are receiving a service which lacks a certain devotion to the cause of their patients, such as we expect from an attendant physician who is paid for his service. In other words, they build up a charity, and then, in order to enlarge its capacity, they withdraw the charity from those for whom they built it up. A system of this kind goes on and affects every department of the hospital in its cancerous growth, so that where we bring a hundred sick to cure them, we neglect fifty of them, in order that we might house another fifty who clamor for aid; and this on the seemingly generous principle that we must increase our scope and for this reason make a creditable showing and progressive attempts to prove our efficiency as an institution.

The remedies for these conditions are not to be fetched from afar; they are close by and plain enough; but their application requires not only intelligent mastery of the principle upon which we establish hospitals, but above all the moral courage to act out

that principle against all sorts of prejudices, traditions, and authoritative influences, whether from ecclesiastics or politicians.

What the Oxford professor recommends is that the hospital staffs be appointed and held to serve for a number of years. Thus the candidates who gain entrance will not merely make the hospital a stepping-stone to reputable associations, or a practice-school to gain experience, perhaps at the expense of the patients, but they will be able to benefit the institution by the knowledge they acquire during the first year in collaborating with those of longer residence. The very fact that they enter upon their duties with the foresight of several years of activity in the same place will lead them to concentrate their interest and urge them toward becoming known as able and trustworthy. As things are at present our young physician is barely introduced into his work, when in the midst of engrossing obligations he begins to cast about for some inviting and lucrative field of labor at the end of his year; his attention is in many ways distracted by social and other novelties attendant upon his new sphere as a professional man; and altogether, he is induced to give the least worthy and capable part of his life and service to the cause in which he embarks. At the end of the year or two, when his experience begins to be helpful to others, he leaves the hospital. This is manifestly wrong. The hospital gains a scanty service for a year, but what it sacrifices is not to be estimated by money's worth.

But what would the inauguration of a system of continuous service for a number of years involve from the practical point of view, allowing that it would be a real gain to the efficiency of hospital work? This, that we face the necessity of making adequate remuneration to the resident physicians, by which we bind them not only to duty but to responsibility after they have reached a term of proficiency so as to be really useful to the hospital. Few young doctors are in a position to continue their studies as post-graduates in hospital service for very long without a moderate salary. The added expense which this places upon the management of the hospital should be regarded in the light of necessaries of the first order. If we must supply beds, food, medicine, nursing, and pay for these, we must be prepared to do the same for the professional skill that directs the use of these things, without

which direction they are of no particular value in hospital service. Efficient methods of doing this readily suggest themselves, so that resident physicians might receive a graded salary according to the number of terms which they have served. There would not then be, as now, two classes of attendants, one of which comprises men who are very experienced but very busy, the other comprising students who have no experience but much to distract them. Yet on this it is needless to dwell here. The one thing to be insisted on is that the responsibility devolving upon the hospital government should be definitely lodged, in each particular case, upon the individual agents, instead of being divided among many men who make up the staff, and none of whom feels such responsibility in any personal sense.

To this end let the authorities of our Catholic hospitals insist: (1) that only men promising thorough efficiency are accepted as members on the medical staff, whatever sacrifice of personal views and feelings this may involve; (2) that in gauging the efficiency of candidates, their Christian convictions be taken into definite account. As has already been said, we must make a distinction between nominal Catholicism and real Catholic or Christian principle. A physician who merely professes to be a Catholic, should not be admitted even as a candidate for examination, because his insincerity renders noxious whatever professional skill he may otherwise possess; (3) that resident physicians be held to remain for a number of years after their graduation from the medical school; (4) that they be paid for the services, at least after a brief preliminary term of trial, so that they may be held accountable, and may be induced to take more than a transient interest in the work of the hospital.

What has been said about resident physicians applies in a manner to professional nurses for Catholic hospitals.

H. J. Heuser.

American Ecclesiastical History.

THE WORK OF MOTHER VERONICA,

Foundress of the Sisterhood of the Divine Compassion.[1]

(Continued.)

THE death of Mgr. Preston, on All Souls' Day of 1891, created a deep void in the heart of Mother Veronica, who had looked to him always as a wise and kindly director in all that pertained to the management of the charitable work which she had undertaken, and which was growing beyond the proportions originally contemplated; and he had been too the true friend and father whom she might approach with the reverent affection of a dutiful child and confide to him all the secret sorrows and doubts that she would naturally be bound to keep from those who could not properly estimate the motives and circumstances of her actions. Although she had acquired the habit of living continually in the presence of God, and therefore placed all her confidence upon the firm foundation of a supernatural faith, yet there were hours when that presence was veiled with darker clouds than usual, and when the gentle touch of a human hand or the sound of a fatherly voice meant so much for the steadying of the tried soul.

For a time she was left to bear the burden of responsibility alone, and if aught had been wanting to prove her the "valiant woman" of God, it was the unbroken and earnest devotion to her daily duties in the community, hiding the bitter grief in the sweet and silent resignation that shone forth from her countenance and manner. It had been Mgr. Preston's desire to be laid to rest among his children, the daughters of the Divine Compassion, of whose prayers he might be sure, and to whom his silent monument would continue to preach the lessons of loyalty to the beautiful standard of charity to which they had vowed their lives under his inspiring direction. Mother Veronica felt both the sacred obligation

[1] See the DOLPHIN for January, pp. 76–93; February, pp. 223–231.

imposed upon her by this expression of his last will, and the benefit which the community would derive from cherishing the memory of their first founder and guide in religious perfection. She therefore at once began arrangements for the building of a suitable community chapel with a crypt where the remains of their beloved father might be kept in prayerful, venerated remembrance. Gratitude, as with all noble souls, was a characteristic trait of her nature; and hence she would make every sacrifice to give expression, in the beauty of the work she contemplated as a memorial, to the sentiment of filial recognition to the priest who under God had been the benefactor not merely of the nuns who first accepted his rule of life, but also of all who in the future would take up the sweet yoke of Christ, or be benefited by the labors of the Community of the Divine Compassion. The works that are done for God are the seeds of perennial and wondrous growth, and such was the fruit tree planted by Mgr. Preston and committed to the care of Mother Veronica and those who were to follow her in the task of watering the heavenly plant.

It is necessary to recall here that in 1890, the year before Mgr. Preston's death, Mother Veronica had purchased twelve acres of property at White Plains, in the State of New York, where the Mother-House and Novitiate of the Order was to be henceforth. The price paid for the ground was $25,000. A legacy of $5,000, received from the estate of George V. Hecker, started the building of the Good Counsel Training School in 1891. Much larger funds would, of course, be needed to accomplish the building of a chapel. And here God's providential care which hovered over the work manifested itself in the aid which came to the Community, without any recourse to those appeals to public sympathy which are the ordinary and legitimate expedients resorted to by those who serve the cause of public benefaction. An uncle of Mother Veronica, already mentioned in the earlier part of this sketch, had left an estate worth something over $200,000, which had been settled upon the mother of our foundress, and which on the death of that lady, in November, 1893, became the legitimate inheritance of the daughter, Mother Veronica. In addition to this the mother had left an estate of about $10,000, also bequeathed to the daughter. Thus the means to begin the chapel were supplied,

and the plans which Mother Veronica had been quietly maturing in the confident hope of the needed assistance, could now be carried out without further delay. Archbishop Corrigan approved of the designs and expressed his appreciation of the sagacity of Mother Veronica, who had left no detail in the arrangement unconsidered. Indeed, she had wonderful talent as an artist, and the architectural designs, appointments of the interior, and other arrangements suggesting the combination of good taste with utility, were minutely considered by her before the work was begun. It was found advisable to acquire the property adjoining the one already purchased. The additional fifteen acres were appraised at $55,000.

On June 25, 1895, the corner-stone of the chapel was laid by Archbishop Corrigan, whose friendly interest in the concerns of the Community had steadily increased with the appreciation of their noble work. In less than two years the chapel was completed, and the last day of May, 1897, marking a similar concurrence of celebration in honor of the glorious Queen of Heaven with the eve of the month of the Sacred Heart, saw its solemn opening. Archbishop Corrigan consecrated the new home of Our Blessed Lord in the Sacrament of His Love. The Foundress has left to her children a record of her impressions on the occasion, although she was unconscious at the time she gave it that it was meant for transmission to others in writing. As in the case of Brother Leo, who often took down in writing the words of fervent gratitude uttered by St. Francis of Assisi, so in this case the notes which give us an insight into the feelings of Mother Veronica at the time, were penned down by one who felt that those who in later times might cherish her memory would be grateful for the thought. The keynote of these expressions is an intense spiritual gratitude: "What shall we give to the Lord in return for all He has given unto us in making us children of His Church, in giving us this tabernacle? Who can express the thanksgiving offered here, the spiritual joys of which we are to become partakers in this place? Is there anyone who with better reason than we can say: Lord, I have loved Thy house and the place where Thy glory dwelleth?"

We may not delay here to describe the quaint architectural beauty of the chapel, the exterior of which was suggested by a

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH OF DIVINE COMPASSION, GOOD COUNSEL.

photographic sketch in the January issue of THE DOLPHIN. Suffice it to say that it is a work which in its exterior structure calls forth all the sentiments of a conventual church,—the ancient simplicity that marks the monumental shrine of the age of faith, when stone was made to speak firmness and strength, and the forms of circle and pointed roof declared the endless round of eternal aims turning heavenward. There is a suggestion in this sanctuary amid the shading trees of solitude, the *beata solitudo* which is the abode where God is best heard, because it invites the soul to recollection and to prayer, and which contains the secret of all our joys and all our strength in very truth, as St. Bernard used to say—*Sola beatitudo.*

It is perhaps of special significance at this time, when our Holy Father insists upon the reintroduction of that beautiful art in church music which is the ancient inheritance of the sanctuary, to call attention here to the fact that Mother Veronica had an intense devotion to the proper cultivation of church music. It was with her, apart from any ecclesiastical ordinance or law, an instinctive clinging to what the Church loves and approves as the truest expression of devotion in her service. Hence she inculcated the proper chanting, not only of the canonical office, but also the devout and careful rendering of the music which was to accompany the liturgical functions throughout the year. She had the advantage of being herself an accomplished musician, and has left to the Community a rare musical library for services of the Chapel. It was her personal care to have organized a choir to render the chant of the Church with proper dignity and solemnity; and the repertory of the convent included beautiful specimens of polyphonic music, rendered in quartette and chorus. She looked indeed to everything that was necessary or calculated to make the offices of the Church beautiful, and she added intelligent instruction to these arrangements in order that those who took part in the solemn services of the liturgy might understand them and render a truly reasonable sacrifice. Thus on the eve of the first Mass celebrated in the new chapel she gathered all her spiritual children about her and spoke to them in tender and serious words touching the importance of the occasion. We have her very words taken down by one present at the time:

"My dear children, to-morrow will be a great day for us; the day on which for the first time the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass will be offered up in our church. I want you to enter into the spirit of it, and try to realize what the day is to us. This night can never come to you again. It can never come to anyone again. No doubt in years to come, hundreds of years from now, those who come after us will look back to this night and wonder what were our thoughts and feelings with regard to it.

"It is now seven years since our Father first spoke to me of building a church. He always looked forward to it; for the thought was a great joy to him, and since God took him the thought of the church has never been absent from my mind. To us who have prayed and worked and suffered for it, it has been the goal at which we have aimed all these years, our beacon star. And now, after two years of building and three years of preparation, we lay it at the feet of our Lord with all our hearts. But to some of you who have recently come, it is a new toy, a little variety in your life, something for a change. Some of you, dear children, are a little too frivolous about sacred things. I want you to be more serious. Sisters of the Divine Compassion must be earnest women, and I ask you, young sisters, to make an effort to enter into our spirit. Those who are called to remain in union with the Passion of our Lord and the Sorrows of His Blessed Mother must bear the grave character befitting religious women. This is the spirit of the Rule, and you will never attain to it, until you have what the Scripture calls *a deep heart*. Sisters of the Divine Compassion must be deep-hearted, true-souled, strong, generous, earnest women,—not butterflies. To-morrow is not the great day, the day of consecration which we expect later, but it is a tremendous day, the day on which, for the first time, the Lord of Majesty will be lifted up in the House of God, which is an image of the eternal Temple not made with hands, where God dwells, when the bread will become the Body of Christ and the wine will become His Blood. It is an awful thought, dear children. What ought to be your gratitude to God who has brought you here and made you a part of it all! for it is truly a great privilege to be part of such a work. Think of the souls that will be drawn to God in this church, who will be led to love Him! You are to be instruments to bring this about. It is worth while to have lived and labored and suffered, if only to induce one soul to make an act of love for God. And, dear children, the building of this church adds to your responsibilities. You have been

singled out from so many others for the use and cultivation of special graces. To whom much is given much will be required, and we shall be judged according to the graces we have received. The building of this church calls you to, and lays you under, an obligation to aspire to a higher spirituality, a deeper piety. To-morrow I desire that we should be one heart and one soul in offering this church to our Lord. All of you can offer it to Him. I seem to hear Him say to some of you: 'Yes, I accept it from you because your heart goes with it.' What would all that we do amount to, unless our hearts went with it? Our Lord wants your hearts, and to-morrow let each make this offering to Him, and with it let her offer her life, not only for the present but all her future life, her strength, every drop of her blood, her whole being; and our Lord will be pleased to accept it; and let her pray that she may be worthy."

The Catholic Girls' Club.

Thus far we have traced the development of the work of the Association at the House of the Holy Family, the purchase of the Mother-House and Novitiate, and the building of the Good Counsel Training School together with the Chapel at White Plains, N. Y. We now come to speak of the last two departments of Mother Veronica's labors, the establishment of a Catholic Girls' Club in New York City, and the erection of a new Convent at White Plains.

As long as the girls were under the direct care of the Sisters, Mother Veronica had every hope for their ultimate reformation, but the question naturally arose,—what would keep them straight and firm in the path of virtue after they had left the Sisters' control? Monsignor Preston had indeed organized a Sodality and a Confraternity for this purpose, but the girls began to lose heart; and so, Mother Veronica, with the approbation and encouragement of the Archbishop, began preparing plans for a home, or club-house, in New York City, where the former children of the Association, and in fact all the Catholic working-girls, might find a place having all the advantages and inducements which drew many of them to Protestant societies. With the Right Rev. Monsignor Edwards, Monsignor Preston's successor, as Spiritual Director, the Club began under the name of "The Working Girls'

Club of the House of our Lady of the Wayside," at 37 A Street, St. Mark's Place. The scope and purpose of the Club, which now boasts of one thousand or more members, were outlined in detail at the first general meeting in February, 1902. As they are the words of Mother Veronica herself, we quote a portion of them to show how admirable was the purpose in founding the society :—

"The main object of the Club is self-improvement. It is to enable self-respecting girls who wish to be self-supporting to improve themselves and thus elevate themselves intellectually, socially, and morally. What do I mean by self-improvement? Let me give you a few illustrations. 1. Perhaps you were obliged to begin work before you had had a fair chance to get a good education. You feel as you grow older that this is a disadvantage to you. It is. To speak correctly, to write correctly, to read well, is a great benefit to you even from a monetary point of view. Therefore we give you the opportunity to come.

"2. Perhaps you have never learned any trade or business thoroughly. When you began to work you were glad to take whatever offered, and now you find there is no possibility of rising in it, or it is poorly paid, or it brings you in contact with a class of girls you want to avoid. You must keep working and cannot afford to stop or look for other work or learn to do it. Therefore we offer you the opportunity to come here and learn almost anything you wish to learn thoroughly. We have classes in all branches of woman's work.

"3. Perhaps you *have* had a good education ; perhaps you have a satisfactory occupation. But you would like to advance yourself by acquiring some accomplishment, some art. These are always expensive and you have only your evenings. Therefore, you may come here and study music, the languages, and painting."

In the course of her address, after pointing out the many privileges and obligations of the Club-membership, Mother Veronica promised the girls that at a later date they should have a Club organization, with one of the Sisters of the Divine Compassion as Directress, with the power of appointing officers, promoters, and representatives. On the first anniversary of the founding of the Club, October 28, 1902, the Sisters made a little change in its name; there were many "Working Girls' Clubs"

under Protestant auspices, and therefore that there might be no mistake about it, the name was altered to "The Catholic Girls' Club of the House of Our Lady." Some new features were added, such as allowing self-supporting girls to reside in the House, enjoining the members to be on the lookout for positions for the unemployed girls, and requesting the girls to notify the Sisters of any illness or trouble that might befall them, so that all help and comfort could be rendered to them. The Club kept continually increasing under the fostering care of the Sisters, and as Mother Veronica recognized that the house it was then occupying had not all the advantages of a regular club-house, she sold in March, 1904, 37 A Street, Mark's Place and 134 Second Avenue, and bought the two properties situated at Nos. 52 and 54 East 16th Street. These two commodious houses were thoroughly renovated, an addition built for chapel and gymnasium, and newly furnished, so that to-day the Catholic working girls of New York City have a club-house equalled by none of its kind in the city, and the membership is daily growing greater.

In the next, concluding article we shall speak of the final work of the new Convent, which Mother Veronica was not privileged to see completed.

(To be concluded.)

Student's Library Table.

RECENT SCIENCE.

Sun-Spots and the Weather.—A very careful investigation has been made in recent years in order to determine if possible what connection there may be between sun-spots and the weather of our earth. Most of the old supposed influences on the weather from astronomical sources have proved to be illusive. There are still weather-wise people, especially farmers and sailors, who insist that the promise of the weather can be judged from the moon, and especially the cloud effects in connection with the moon at certain times in the month. There are others who cling to the belief that changes of the moon bring changes of the weather with them. But careful study of the actual conditions has disproved all this. Even the larger influence of the sun has not been very happily connected with any of our weather disturbances. There is still the very common persuasion that about the time of the equinoxes, that is, in the spring and in the fall, when the day and night are equal, storms may be expected, and that these are due in some wise to the increase of the sun's influence when it shines for a longer period than it is obscured, and its comparative eclipse when night has the advantage over day. While there are storms that usually occur somewhere about the time of the equinoxes, these have no definite connection with this phenomenon; they are only part of the weather changes that may be expected at an especially variable time of the year.

It was hoped, however, that the study of sun-spots would give more definite knowledge about the weather. There is no doubt that there is an eleven-years' cycle during which sun-spots rise to a maximum of intensity, sink to a minimum, and then prepare to repeat the cycle once more. Nevertheless, so far it has proved practically impossible to connect the sun-spot cycle with any variations in meteorological conditions on the earth. There are some who consider that the statistics of rain-fall in India point to a definite relationship between sun-spots and that phase of weather,

since the rain-fall is greatest at the time when the sun-spots are most frequent, and least when they are least frequent. But this does not seem to be true for other parts of the earth, and so the observation has been thought to be nothing more than a coincidence.

There is a popular impression that since sun-spots are dark spots on the sun's surface, and they can be readily observed as such through a bit of smoked glass, they must represent colder portions of the sun's surface. It might readily be concluded then that the passage of a large spot across the sun's disc—in reality of course the spot being carried around by the revolution on the sun itself—would be responsible for the occurrence of cold waves on the earth. Instead, however, of the sun's dark spots representing areas of lessened activity of solar energy, the opposite is much more true. They actually represent portions of the sun's atmosphere overlying regions in which there is increased activity. Hence we might much more logically look for hot spells or hot waves as the result of their presence; but neither cold nor hot waves can be in any way connected with them.

At the present time it is very evident that the problem of the weather must depend on the collation of the meteorological observations which have been so extensive in recent years. Meteorologists are now in possession of an immense amount of data regarding the weather, which information needs to be analyzed in order to be of any use. It seems not unlikely that the collection of such meteorological observations is actually producing a cumbrous amount of material that proves discouraging by its magnitude, rather than a source of inspiration to the weather expert. There is need now of an analytic genius to recognize the existence of laws in the midst of all the facts that have been collected, and thus simplify the science of meteorology, or really, for the first time, make it worthy of the name of science, and not merely a department of classification of statistics. In the Philippines, the collection of a few observations and their careful analysis at the observatory at Manila by Father Algué, led to more important practical discoveries about weather conditions in the Philippines than have been made as the result of all the multitudinous observations from weather stations here in the United States.

A New Filament for Incandescent Lamps. — When the rarer metals were discovered, such as gallium, helium, caesium, thorium, and osmium, it was thought that they would never be of more than academic interest. There were not a few practical men of science even who must have considered it rather a waste of time and energy to work out their places in chemistry. They had a special interest, however, from the fact that they filled up gaps between the other elements in such a way as to show that there was a definite law of progression in chemical affinities and physical qualities and atomic weights. But now has come a time when some of these metals, although used only in small quantities, have proved to be extremely valuable in the arts.

Aluminum, for instance, is now extensively used for many purposes, and every effort is being made in many chemical laboratories to cheapen its production still further, so as to make it available for other uses for which it has been demanded. Thorium is a metal of which little is known, though it is much used as constituting one of the principal materials of which Welsbach mantles are made. There are other metals not unlike thorium which will before long prove as valuable for similar purposes. Inventors promise mantles which, while quite as readily incandescent as those made of thorium, give a light that is not quite so white, and are not nearly so brittle nor so liable to deterioration. These promises centre on the metal osmium, which belongs to the platinum group and has been known for a long while, but has never been obtained in any but very small quantities. One of its compounds, osmic acid, is well known for its staining properties and has been used for the differentiation of various tissues. For a time a certain amount of osmium was used with platinum in the pointing of stylographic pens. Such a point was extremely refractory to wear. Now, however, it has been shown that osmium may be used in replacing the carbon filaments of incandescent lamps with decided advantages. It will be remembered that the first incandescent lamps employed platinum as the material of the filament, but this did not prove satisfactory, because it absorbed too much of the electrical energy without giving it back in light, and the heat developed soon led to the oxidation of the platinum.

It is said that the osmium filament will require not more than

half as much electrical energy to produce the same amount of illumination as that now obtained from the carbon filament. It has a notable advantage also in this, that it does not respond so instantaneously to increase and decrease in the amount of current. It will thus give a steadier light. It is also said to be much more durable than the carbon filament, although this will depend on the use of a definite amount of current which must not be exceeded under pain of causing deterioration of the osmium. The metal does not absorb much of the current, and therefore produces even less heat than the carbon filament. While the point is not usually realized, the heat given out by an incandescent lamp is a material factor in the bill for electricity. An ordinary sixteen-power lamp enclosed in a vessel containing a quart of water will, it is said, heat the water to the boiling-point in about twenty minutes. Osmium will produce less heat, and because its specific luminescence is higher it will give just as much light.

The Origin of Species.—In the *Popular Science Monthly* for May, Professor Thomas Hunt Morgan, formerly of Bryn Mawr, now of Columbia University, New York, discusses "the origin of species through selection as contrasted with their origin through the appearance of definite variations." There are now two theories prominently before the public as to the origin of species, one that of natural selection, the other that of the survival of mutations. There are some who claim that the two points of view differ but very little, only in degree. Mr. Morgan insists that there is a fundamental difference and that the theory of natural selection is utterly inadequate to explain the origin of species. The watchword of the Darwinians has been "the survival of the fittest." As pointed out by Mr. Morgan, however, although of course it has often been noted before, the basic problem in biology is not, how does the fittest survive, because presumably if it is the fittest, it will survive; but, how does the fittest originate.

Much has been heard about the struggle for life and of the claim that it is only those beings which are capable of pushing out others, that are able to survive. A very ludicrous example of argument from this standpoint has been recently before the public and is quoted as the text of the history of the Standard Oil Company. It seems that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr., in whom no amount

of evolution would succeed in developing a sense of the ridiculous, in defending "trusts" before his Sunday-school class made use of the following expression: "The American Beauty rose can be produced in all its splendor and fragrance only by sacrificing the early buds which grow up around it." The implied comparison between the fragrant American Beauty rose and the literally and figuratively malodorous Standard oil, and bearing in mind the latter's well-recognized competence to survive its rivals, which shows it to be the fittest and therefore destined to survive, has probably impressed the principle of the struggle for life more on those who do not specialize in biology than any remark that has been made in recent times.

Professor Morgan does not view the struggle for life and its relation to evolution quite as has been the custom. "The time has come, I think," he says, "when we are beginning to see the process of evolution in a new light. Nature makes new species outright. Among these new species, there will be some that manage to find a place where they may continue to exist. How well they are suited to such places will be shown, in one respect, by the number of individuals that they can bring to maturity. Some of the new forms may be well adapted to certain localities, and will flourish there; others may eke out a precarious existence, because they do not find a place to which they are well suited, and can not better adapt themselves to the conditions under which they live; and there will be others that can find no place at all in which they can develop, and will not even be able to make a start. From this point of view the process of evolution appears in a more kindly light than when we imagine that success is only attained through the destruction of vast numbers of individuals, for the poorly adapted will not be able to make even a beginning. Evolution is not a war of all against all, but it is largely a creation of new types for the unoccupied, or poorly occupied, places in nature."

This aspect of the theory of development is much less heartless than the struggle for life in its naked selfishness. There are other phases of the Darwinian ideas that Professor Morgan impugns, and one of these is the modern test of utilitarianism. There is in many animals an apparently superfluous perfection of

development,—superfluous, that is, as regards the animal's survival. For instance, it is improbable that the extraordinary adjustments of which the eye is capable, have all been acquired little by little through a life-and-death struggle. As for the ear, it seems improbable that its perfection in certain respects could have been of vital importance for the maintenance of the race. The Darwinians often dodge this consideration as pointed out by Professor Morgan and refer the results to certain "laws of growth;" but, as he asks very well, if these "laws of growth" exist, why may they not have also carried the perfection of any organ far beyond the point at which the test of survival stops? In other words, there would seem to be in the animal a principle of growth entirely independent of natural selection and guiding its development in many ways quite beyond the needs of its environment.

This is particularly true with regard to the distribution of color over the bodies of certain animals. Color often may prove protective, but even where the general shade of the animal serves as a protection, the details of the coloration are often much more beautiful, more wondrously symmetrical, and more nicely distributed than can be accounted for by the crude notion of protection alone. Birds may be brown and yet their feathers may have delicate shades of brown that make each of them a beautiful work of art. Besides, the same regularity and gradation of color exist in animals that are microscopic, and no one thinks of accounting for color here through natural selection. Why, then, Professor Morgan emphatically asks, do we need a special explanation when the animals are so large that they attract our attention? It is growing more and more evident that many of the hastily accepted notions in biology, into which scientists were unfortunately tempted by over-enthusiasm for Darwinism, will now have to be essentially modified in the light of closer observation and more logical reasoning.

Complexity of Anatomy of the Nervous System.—Perhaps no better illustration could be afforded of the passing nature of opinions in present-day science than the changes that are now impending and in actual progress with regard to the anatomy of the central nervous system of the higher animals. Ten years ago it was thought that certain definite ideas could be set down as abso-

lutely certain landmarks in progress. The neuron theory, as it was called, was supposed to represent definite truth. Apparently it had been demonstrated that the central nervous system was not actually united in all its parts, but that each cell of the central nervous system had a certain number of branches which were approximated to and touched other branches of the central nervous system, but had no continuity of structure with them. Communications between the neurons or cells of the central nervous system were supposed to take place somewhat in the same way as those which have been noted when ants meet one another and communicate by touches of their antennæ. Sleep then was supposed to be a drawing apart of the neurons, and unconsciousness was represented by a similar process, due, however, to some accident or disease and not merely to physiological fatigue.

There has been much popular exploitation of the ideas connected with the neuron theory. Scientists were considered to be doing a great good work by making the theory known generally. so as to enable even the man in the street to keep abreast with advances in nervous anatomy. Some ingenious theories in physiological psychology were founded on this theory and an explanation of the failure of memory to recall certain words was even suggested as the result of the proper neurons being unable to make connections just at the moment when it was wanted. It was said that the central nervous system was somewhat like the central office of a telephone company, and that various connections had to be made and unmade in order to have processes of thought go on.

Now all of this ingenious theorizing must be given up, because it has been found that the so-called neurons are not separate and distinct from one another, but are connected by minute nerve fibres called *fibrillæ*. Complex as seemed brain structure to be under the old theory, it proves on further investigation to be immensely more complex still. The gray matter is pervaded everywhere with the finest of fine networks, the diameter of whose threads and whose meshes are both exceedingly small. These connections are so fine, so intimate and so numerous, that even the word *fibrillilla* has been suggested for still more minute structures whose existence must be accepted theoretically rather than as the result of observation.

The Man and the Educational Institution.—There are not a few of those who are most interested in the progress and development of modern education who hesitate as to what is to be the outcome of the rise of the huge educational institutions that have now become so common. It has been pointed out that these large institutions are apt to mean the end of that individual attention to the student which constitutes the essence of all real education. There is danger that the position of the professor or teacher may lose its prestige and that he may become merely one of the mouthpieces of an educational system. How fatal this would be to any real progress in education is rather easy to understand. It is interesting to find that Professor Osler, whom the American medical profession greeted, on his departure to assume an important teaching position in the University of Oxford, as the greatest American teacher of medicine, should have realized this danger, and expressed himself very forcibly with regard to the necessity for the maintenance of the individual influence which counts for so much in education. He said in a recent address:[1]

"But it is a secondary matter, after all, whether a school is under State or University control, whether the endowments are great or small, the equipments palatial or humble; the fate of an institution rests not on these; the inherent, vital element, which transcends all material interests, which may give to a school glory and renown in their absence, and lacking which, all the 'pride, pomp and circumstance' are vain,—this vitalizing element, I say, lies in the men who work in its halls, and in the ideals which they cherish and teach. There is a passage in one of John Henry Newman's *Historical Sketches* which expresses this feeling in terse and beautiful language: 'I say, then, that the personal influence of the teacher is able in some sort to dispense with an academical system, but that system cannot in any way dispense with personal influence. With influence there is life, without it there is none; if influence is deprived of its due position, it will not by those means be got rid of, it will only break out irregularly, dangerously. An academical system without the personal influence of teachers upon pupils is an Arctic winter; it will create an ice-bound, petrified, cast-iron University, and nothing else.'"

[1] *Aequanimitas:* With other Addresses to Medical Students, Nurses, and Practitioners of Medicine. By William Osler, M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Medicine, Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. 1904.

Studies and Conferences.

PROFESSOR LEE AND THE BARRIE HISTORY.

In addition to the letters published in the last issue of THE DOLPHIN we have received a number of further protests from the gentlemen and religious mentioned in the Barrie circular as patrons and assistant editors of the *History of North America*, whose replies to our inquiry reached us too late for publication in the May number.

How little we exaggerated the matter when we assumed that the unauthorized use of certain names of Catholic priests and prominent laymen would mislead responsible parties into purchasing an expensive work, and in turn permitting their names to be used as subscribers before they had opportunity of verifying the authoritative judgment of the pretended editors, is plain from the following statement by John J. Rooney, Esq., Librarian of the Catholic Club of New York. Mr. Rooney's name had been used in the circular of Messrs. Barrie & Sons, signed to a letter in which he spoke of the work as one particularly valuable to Catholics, because, issued under the editorship of Professor Lee, it "included in its Editorial Board such men as the Rev. Edward H. Welch, S.J., of Georgetown College, and that the work throughout, for the first time within my (Mr. Rooney's) knowledge, gives full recognition to the work of Catholic missionaries. . . . In my opinion the work will begin a new era in the interpretation and writing of American history."

In view of the errors, indicating a decided lack of recognition of facts in which Catholics as makers of American history were concerned, and an unquestionable bias against Catholics, as "Inquirer" has pointed out in the few specimens taken from the first volume, some explanation from Mr. Rooney was naturally expected. He writes:

NEW YORK, May 11, 1905.

My Dear Father Heuser:

I have satisfied myself, after extended inquiry, that the endorsement of the "History of North America," or rather the use of cer-

tain names, was not duly authorized by the persons referred to. My letter was authentic; but I must say that I was greatly influenced in my remarks by the mention of the so-called "Boards of Inclusion and Exclusion," including names of distinguished Catholic scholars and educators, which appeared in the prospectus.

I had been greatly interested in certain volumes of the work, and in the exhaustive reviews of others which appeared from time to time in the New York *Sun*.

I now feel satisfied that I was misled in accepting these statements, and I shall so inform the publishers, and demand the discontinuance of the circular.

Thanking you for calling my attention to this important matter,

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN J. ROONEY.

Concerning the action of Messrs. Barrie and Sons, from the business point of view, we have nothing further to say. The Catholic Press throughout the United States has in various ways taken up the warning and stigmatized the transaction at its proper estimate. In some cases, notably the *Catholic Standard and Times* (Philadelphia), *The Republic* (Boston), *The Sun* (Syracuse), *Observer* (Pittsburg), *Telegraph* (Cincinnati), and Dr. Cronin's incisive and eloquent organ, *The Catholic Union and Times* (Buffalo), *The Morning Star* (New Orleans), *The Catholic Record* (London, Canada), etc., excellent editorials directed attention to the wisdom of guarding the power that Catholics enjoy at present of influencing public opinion, and to see that it be not abused to popularize literature destructive of truth and moral virtue.

It was but natural to look for some word of explanation from Mr. Lee himself, since he had actually approached some of the gentlemen mentioned in the circular with the request to contribute, or to act as revisers of the History which by the publishers' own confession so largely interests the Catholic population, because the missionaries of the Church and Catholic personages of historic eminence contributed a very considerable share to the nobler part of that history. We wrote on this account to Mr. Lee, who at once expressed his sense of obligation in having had the matter brought to his attention.

The following is his reply, which covers both his connection with the Messrs. Barrie transaction, and also the answer to the charges that the *History of North America* edited by him is not fair in its treatment of subjects in which Catholics are represented as the actors. The reader will readily form his own judgment.

BALTIMORE, MD., May 20, 1905.

REV. H. J. HEUSER, Overbrook, Pa.

Dear Sir:—I thank you for the courtesy in sending me THE DOLPHIN magazine. I have read with much interest the pages devoted to the "History of North America."

In connection with the strictures allow me to say that I have nothing to do with the business methods of my publishers, and until the receipt of your publication I did not know of the controversy which had arisen nor of the representations which had called it forth. I will say, however, that my relations with Messrs. Barrie have always been such as to lead me to believe them honorable gentlemen, and as far as I am concerned I see no reason to withdraw my favorable opinion.

As for the contents of the History: It has never been put forth as a Roman Catholic book and no work that is not absolutely Romanist deserves that title. The work, however, is absolutely non-sectarian in that it favors no creed or sect to the disadvantage of another.

I am, too, of the opinion that the Roman Church never has benefited by concealment of fact. The record of the Church has been such that it can stand forth in the full light of the world. I hold that the errors of some of its members have been grievous and many, the history of some of its adherent nations has been disgraceful. But when the sum total is cast no more towering monument to ecclesiastical ability and God-given mission could have been erected.

I am somewhat distinguished among those who know me for unswerving support of the right, as I know it. I do not hesitate to give credit to Protestants when they deserve it, nor do I hesitate to blame them, and I reserve the same right in reference to every phase of Romanist activity.

Allow me to add that, although I am not a member of the Roman Communion, by no one outside the Church is it more appreciatively considered.

Sincerely,

GUY CARLETON LEE.

THE JESUITS IN GUAM.

In the latest issue, Vol. IX, of the report of the *United States National Muscum* by the *Smithsonian Institution*, Prof. W. E. Safford furnishes very interesting details regarding the activity of the Jesuit Fathers in Guam as contributors to the study of plant life in the island. The volume (416 pages) deals entirely with contributions from the United States National *Herbarium.* In the Historical Notice introducing the subject (p. 12), the writer says:

"JESUIT MISSIONARIES.

"On his way from New Spain to the Philippines in one of the regular vessels, Padre Diego Luis Sanvitores, a Jesuit priest, touched at Guam, and was moved to pity at the sight of the natives living in spiritual darkness in the midst of an earthly paradise. An account of his life and martyrdom is given in an old vellum-covered book,[1] in which much interesting information may be found concerning the natives of Guam. In it, in contrast with the barbarous cruelty with which the natives had been treated by visiting Europeans, one may read of their kindness to shipwrecked sailors cast upon their shores, and of the cordial reception of Padre Sanvitores. They provided homes for him and his companions, and built for them a church. All wished to be baptized forthwith, though the missionaries would at first baptize only the infants and dying persons; adults in good health had to be instructed in the Christian doctrine before they could enjoy the privilege.

"In this book many wonderful occurrences are related,—stories of supernatural apparitions, of miraculous cures of men possessed of the devil, of lances, cast by the natives, suddenly arrested in mid-air, and of stones hurled from their slings crumbling harmlessly to dust; but it must not be forgotten that this was an age of marvels. The devil's influence in the affairs of everyday life was recognized throughout Christendom, and it is not surprising that it found its way to Guam. It was to the power of the evil one over the elements that the early missionaries attributed the adverse winds, which blew almost constantly to the westward and prevented ships from sailing directly to Guam from the Philippines.

"Sanvitores, 'the Apostle of the Mariannes,' was born in the city

[1] Garcia: *Vida y martyrio de Sanvitores*, 1683. (See list of works.)

of Burgos, in northern Spain, November 12, 1627. The history of his life tells of his early boyhood, his call to the Society of Jesus and ordination, his work among the poor, his journey to Mexico; his departure from Acapulco, April 5, 1662, for Manila; the impression made upon him by the natives of Guam, whom he saw on his passage across the Pacific; his efforts to be sent to them as a missionary, the refusal of his superiors at Manila to grant his request, the king's decree ordering the governor of the Philippines to furnish him with the means of reaching the Mariannes, the building of the ship *San Diego* at Cavite and his sailing therein to Acapulco, his appeal for aid to the viceroy of Mexico, his arrival at Guam, March 3, 1668; his emotion on seeing the islanders coming out to meet him, the kindness with which they welcomed him to their island, the zeal with which he pursued his work, the hardships which he had to endure, and his final martyrdom.

"The first serious stumbling-block in the way of the missionaries was a Chinaman named Choco, living in the village of Paa, at the southern end of the island. This man had been shipwrecked about twenty years before their arrival, and had been kindly received by the natives. He pointed out to the islanders that many children and old people had died immediately after having been baptized. He spoke slightingly of the padres, saying that they were people despised and looked down upon by the Spaniards themselves, who for that reason had sent them into exile on this island; and he said that surely the water used in baptism was poisonous, though some of the more robust upon whom it was poured might resist its effects. As it was indeed true that many of those baptized had died shortly after the performance of the rite, and as the missionaries thought them happy in dying thus secure of salvation, it seemed to the natives that there might be truth in the Chinaman's charges. Henceforward, instead of receiving the missionaries joyfully in their villages and retaining them as guests almost against their will, the natives greeted them with scowling faces, and, calling them murderers, threatened them with their spears. They no longer offered them breadfruit, as had been their custom, and mothers on their approach would catch up their infants and flee with them to the woods for safety; or if the little ones were sick or dying, they would conceal them in their houses as best they could.[2] In their zeal the missionaries would often baptize children in spite of the threats of the fathers and the tears and prayers of the mothers.

[2] Garcia, *op. cit.*, p. 224.

Moreover, they awakened the enmity of the *makahnas*, or wise men, whom they declared to be impostors; they assailed the liberty of the *urritaos*, or bachelors, by their efforts to abolish the 'great houses' of the villages, in which they lived with unmarried women; they tried to change the marriage customs, according to which the parents received presents from the bridegrooms for their daughters; they tried to put an end to the invocation of the *aniti*, or spirits, and taught that it was wrong to venerate the relics of ancestors.

"Less than two years after the arrival of the missionaries in the islands, on January 29, 1670, a priest was killed on the island of Saipan for having baptized a child in spite of the protests of its parents;[3] and on April 2, 1672, in Guam, Padre Sanvitores met his death in the same way."

Later on (page 21), Professor Safford writes of the expulsion of the Jesuits as follows:—

"EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

"A year after the arrival of Olavide the Jesuit missionaries were expelled from the Mariannes by the edict of the King of Spain, Carlos III, dated February 27, 1767. It was this king who joined France in sending assistance to the American colonies during their struggle for independence. The Jesuits had been in the island for a century, and whatever may have been the harsh means by which they were established there, they had won the love and confidence of the natives, and were kind and just in their dealings with them, protecting them when necessary against acts of cruelty, injustice, and oppression on the part of the military authority,[4] and never exacting services from them without due compensation. A school for the education of native children had been established shortly after the death of Padre Sanvitores under the name of 'Colegio de San Juan de Letran,' and had been endowed with a fund yielding 3,000 pesos a year by Maria Anna of Austria, in whose honor the islands were named. The Jesuits taught not only the Christian doctrine and the elements of learning, but many useful arts as well. They also instructed the native youths in music, as is shown by the inventory of

[3] Garcia, *op. cit.*, pp. 421–424.

[4] Among the official papers in the archives at Agaña are the proceedings of several "residencias," or courts of inquiry, held at Agaña for the trial of governors and officers composing their staff. In these trials the padres represented the interests of natives who might have cause for complaint against the authorities.

their effects and the testimony of travellers visiting the island shortly after their expulsion. They had several farms in flourishing condition, the finest of which was that of Tachogña, in the interior of Guam, between Agaña and Pago. On this farm, called 'San Ignacio de Tachogña,' they had a fine herd of cattle, and elsewhere they had a stallion and a number of brood mares. They were in constant communication with missions of their Order in other countries, receiving fabrics from New Spain as well as from China and Manila, spices from Ceylon, and tobacco from Mexico. Under their supervision the natives learned to cultivate maize, tobacco, cacao, sweet potatoes, and other plants brought from America, and in the inventories, besides a supply of garden implements called 'fosiños' (thrust hoes), new machetes for clearing the forest, and other implements, were found steel, iron, and blacksmith's tools, tan bark and vats for tanning, carpenters' tools, saws, crowbars, pickaxes, paints, stones for grinding pigments, 'metates' and 'manos,' like those of the Mexicans for converting maize into tortillas, and material and instruments for making ornaments for their altars. The young lieutenant of the armada who brought the order for their expulsion had been instructed to take away in his schooner the Jesuits, together with all their belongings. Realizing that this would be impossible, he made an official statement in writing to the governor, saying that this little schooner, with a single deck, could not accomplish the task; that it would require several two-decked vessels much larger than his own to take away all the belongings of the Fathers. Nevertheless, on November 2, 1769, the schooner *Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe*, which had brought the decree of banishment, sailed away from Guam, carrying the Fathers, together with as much of their personal effects as possible. Many of their papers were burned. In the inventory of their effects in the archives of Agaña is a list of letters, copies of memorials, manuscript sermons, and books. Even the lay brother in the kitchen, who acted as procurator, had a library of his own. On the arrival of the decree the senior of the missionaries, Padre Xavier Stengel, was absent, having gone to the neighboring island of Rota to hear confessions and administer the annual communion to the natives. A canoe was sent to bring him. As one of the Fathers had died some time before the arrival of the decree, it was necessary to carry back a certified statement of his death and burial to account for his not sailing with the others.

"After the Jesuits' departure the farms were neglected, the cattle,

now the property of the Crown, ran wild, and many animals were killed by the natives, as may be seen in the records of trials in the archives. The spiritual administration of the islands was handed over to the friars of the Order of St. Augustine, who had come as passengers on the schooner bringing the decree. This religious Order continued on the island until its seizure by the United States."

NEW LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE'S RELIGION.

Father Sebastian Bowden, of the London Oratory, about six years ago published a volume on *The Religion of Shakespeare* in which he sought to demonstrate from circumstantial and external evidence that the great Elizabethan poet, like Spenser, presents a double impersonation,—that of the courtier who would be useful to his age rather than be a martyr to his conviction, and that of the philosopher who in his secret heart despised the principles which moved the machinery of public life, and who was restrained from avowing openly his disdain for the powers on the throne, only by the realization that to do so would cut short his opportunities of chastising the follies of the times by the clever half-disguised satire of his dramatic utterances. Father Bowden did not lay much claim to originality. The greater portion of his volume is taken from manuscript notes by the late Richard Simpson, a deep and consistent student of Elizabethan literature. He had ransacked the State Papers and various private collections, the libraries of Paris and Lille, the archives of the English College at Rome, the Douay Registers and the Jesuit collections, which were known to contain material on the criticism and history of the Reformation literature under Elizabeth. Mr. Simpson had as early as 1858 published his conclusions regarding the religion of William Shakespeare, and Rio in his *L'Art Chretien* some years later elaborated the suggestions of Mr. Simpson into a thesis embellished with all the enthusiasm of French literary genius, so as to provoke a strong counter argument from Lord Mahon in the *Edinburgh Review* of 1866. It was this latter article which roused Mr. Simpson to write a more elaborate and reasoned treatise in which he dealt with Shakespeare's philosophy and religion, as manifested in his writings. Under these conditions

Father Bowden took up the argument anew, bringing out certain details which show that the great dramatist was certainly not in sympathy with the Reformation so-called. The Simpson papers are at present in the possession of the Abbot Gasquet.

The matter would have been left at the point to which Father Bowden had carried it, that is to say, a reasonable conjecture based principally upon the circumstantial evidence of Shakespeare's own writings, that the poet retained the convictions of the Catholic faith despite his external civil allegiance to the Protestant sovereign, who was disposed to claim also religious conformity on the part of her subjects, if it had not been for a new discovery.

Mr. John Pym Yeatman, a noted English barrister and honorary member of the Shakespeare Society of New York, author of numerous works on Common Law, whose literary and legal tastes have led him to search the archives of England in quest of pedigrees and testamentary records, has come upon some documents of the Shakespeare family which give new light to the discussion touching the poet's baptism and education in the Catholic Church. Mr. Yeatman publishes the results of his studies in a stately volume published at Birmingham (England) by the Shakespeare Society of New York, under the title *The Gentle Shakespere—A Vindication.*

Mr. Yeatman expresses his conviction on various grounds, apart from the testimony of the family records, that William Shakespeare not only secretly but openly (though not aggressively) professed the Catholic faith. "His name is not to be found," he writes, "with those of his fellow actors (most of whom were Catholics) for receiving *communion, according to law*, in the parish of St. Saviours. Amongst them was the worthy man Ben Johnson, who, after killing Gabriel Spencer the actor, in a duel, in 1593, and who found himself in the Marshalsea (prison) under sentence of death, became a convert to Romanism, owing doubtless to the company of several priests who were in the same plight for the more serious offence of practising their religion; and this excellent time-server, to show his great respect for the new religion, took the cup at the so-called sacrament" (page 24, Introd. to II ed.). It is well understood that Shakespeare's popularity, his handsome person, his brilliant talents, were calculated to save

him from that active persecution to which men less beloved by the populace were liable under the suspicion of non-conformity in religious matters.

To Simpson's judgment, as expounded by Father Bowden, Mr. Yeatman refers in the Preface as follows:

"The late Mr. Richard Simpson gives many very suggestive notions which may account for more than has been generally suspected; but which is quite consistent with the fact that the poet was a Catholic. Certain it is that his chief friends and patrons, many of whom were his relations, belonged to the Catholic faith, and he had a very close connection with the so-called conspirators upon whom Cecil so adroitly sprung "The Gunpowder Plot," which it is not unlikely was his own invention, created in order to enable him to destroy the Catholics, because King James, through Cecil's persecution of the Catholics, was, like his predecessor, becoming truly obnoxious to the country. Cecil was actually wringing from them for the Treasury some £360,000 a year. James was a very weak man, and had he given way, in all probability Cecil and the other devout Protestants, who had gorged themselves with Church property, might have been called upon to disgorge it. This convenient stalking-horse of No-Popery had always been sufficient—as it was in the Revolution of 1688—to drive the people out of their senses, and so to obtain a fresh lease of Church revenues, under the pretence of fostering liberty. Shakespeare had undoubtedly committed himself by something like complicity with the conspirators, for in both *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet* he had invoked sympathy on their behalf, and his historical plays were exercising a certain influence upon the populace. For a long time he must, as a Catholic, have been an object of suspicion to Cecil, not merely on account of his relationship and friendship with Southampton and Essex, but for his personal connection with so many of the malcontents."

On kindred grounds the play of "Richard II" was declared treasonable because it pointed to (Dom. Eliz., Vol. 225, No. 25):

"The selection of a story 200 years old in order to demonstrate the misgovernment of the Crown, the corruption and the covetousness of the Council, the promotion of unworthy favorites, oppression of the nobles, and the excessive taxation of the people, exacted professedly to prosecute the suppression of the Irish rebellion, but in fact to line the pockets of the Sovereign.

"We may easily fancy with what excitement the conversation of Northumberland, Ross, and Willoughby would be listened to by the favorers of Essex.

"Cecil felt the lines applied to his own policy, and the Queen exclaimed to Lambarde, 'Know ye not I am Richard II?' The conspiracy, however, failed; Essex himself was beheaded, and in the year 1600 Southampton was sent to the Tower. The Earls of Rutland, Monteagle; Sirs H. Davies, C. Danvers, C. Blount; Robert Catesby and William Green, both Warwickshire men; John Arden, the Poet's connection; John Wheeler, John Shakspere's friend and fellow-recusant, all Catholics, were amongst those involved in the consequences of the conspiracy. The Poet, although his play was condemned, himself escaped. Hayward, instead, was chosen as the victim of the royal vengeance, and was imprisoned and racked. But here again, as in the Lucy whippings and imprisonment, so now in the Essex conspiracy, we find the Poet connected apparently with the Catholic Party."

"It is admitted by all candid people," says Mr. Yeatman "that the facts brought to light by Simpson must necessarily revolutionize the accounts given of the personal history of Shakspere, unless they can be got rid of, and as this process has failed, they must be met. The effort at present seems to be to deprive the author of credit for his discoveries by incorporating them quietly without any ackowledgment in other books. . . . The author was chiefly anxious to prove that Shakspere was a Catholic in order to cleanse his memory from the reproaches that he was answerable for the dunghill, as Voltaire calls it, which encrusts the diamonds of his works." Mr. Yeatman mentions Simpson's view that—

"Shakspere was not responsible for the plays and sonnets published in his name, and the only explanation possible was that there was some cause why he could not obtain the protection of the Courts of Law to stop the piracy of his works, and to prevent the publishers from selling other works for his. There was only one possible cause for this, and the bare mention of it has sent the agnostics of the present day into a terrible fright. Shakspere could not sue and could not protect his interests because he was a Catholic, and the son of Catholic parents, who had been crippled and partially ruined for adherence to their religion—despised in their day by the pious as recusants. This

suggestion made one of the most ignorant of the critics apparently mad—he wrote in the *Morning Leader*, 'What does it matter if he was a Catholic—a fig for his religion ! ! ! ' "

Some time after writing the preface to his second edition of the *Gentle Shakspere*, Mr. Yeatman had an opportunity to search the Wills at Worcester. Here he found what he calls "the missing link" in a volume of transcripts which, to use the words of a recent Shakespearian critic and historian, Mr. Snowden Ward, obliges the Shakespearians to "rewrite their books, for this single will confounds them all; and convicts them of unhappily misunderstanding the history."

The document is printed in full and is headed *John Shaxspere de Rowington.* "In the name of God amen, the XV day of October A. D. 1546." Its bearing on our subject is indicated by Mr. Yeatman's comment upon it, as follows:

"This will give abundant proof that John Shakspere remained a Catholic in spite of Henry VIII's tyranny, and he must have been a brave man, too, for he dared to call his soul his own, and to leave money for a trental of Masses to be sung for its weal, and the singular thing is, that this Will was made by a priest and that the Master vicar was overseer to it—proof that Henry had not succeeded in stamping out religion altogether in Warwickshire, although he had absorbed the revenues of the old Priory to which all these Shaksperes belonged. Here, then, is absolute proof that the poet must have received a true Catholic education. He was seven years old at the death of the Lady Jane, and it is absolutely certain that both he and his mother (Mary Arden) must have been brought under her influence. This out-of-the-way place, Hatton, must have been a hot-bed of popery, and probably (if not certain) a hiding place for priests, who were not hunted to death so furiously until the later years of Elizabeth. It would be here, doubtless, that the poet (as it has always been said by tradition) was baptized by a Catholic priest, and here, no doubt, and not at the Stratford Grammar School, as is asserted, he was educated, so that his classical knowledge at the time of the publication of "Venus and Adonis" would be assured, for he was then in his thirtieth year. His connection with the Stratford Grammar Schools is very faintly shown, although tradition has assigned to him the place of one of its masters; had he held such a position there must have been some record of it. The discovery of his connection with the Rowington

family disposes of the value of the inquiry into Grammar School learning of that period by Mr. Churton Collins and others, since it is far more probable that he was taught amongst his own people by a properly educated ecclesiastic."

But one must read Mr. Yeatman's volume[1] to understand the full merits of his discovery.

TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

In November, 1890, Anna Mozley, Cardinal Newman's sister-in-law, published the *Letters and Correspondence* of John Henry Newman, covering the period of his life in the English Church, that is, down to 1845. A few letters of a later date were placed in an appendix to the second volume; and some others have been published since then. A great part of the correspondence during the last forty years must still be in the hands of friends, and the future biographer—perhaps Mr. Wilfrid Ward—is expected to add much to our intimate knowledge of the great Cardinal from epistolary sources not hitherto known to the public. Meanwhile any casual glimpse into that soul so wonderfully rich in gifts and clear in their interpretation, is of interest to the English-speaking Catholic, and we are glad to reprint the two letters which the Roman correspondent of the London *Standard* sends to his paper, and which *The Tablet* (London) copies with some rather tart comments upon the *Standard's* explanation of their value.

Father Whitty, to whom the first letter is addressed, was an intimate friend of Cardinal Wiseman, for whom he acted also as Vicar General. It was mainly due to his and the Cardinal's urging that the famous lectures on the *Present Position of Catholics* were delivered in Birmingham by Newman, and Whitty's relations to the Oratory, of which for a time he was a member, were most intimate. Whitty had always been a Catholic and saw the needs of the Church in a somewhat different light from those who, like Newman, had come to it with a definite message from the English Communion. Still he felt that the work Newman was capable of

[1] *The Gentle Shakspere.* A Vindication. By John Pym Yeatman, Lincoln's Inn, Esquire, Barrister-at-Law, formerly Emanuel College, Cambridge, F.R.H.S., etc. New York: The Shakspere Press, Birmingham (England): Moody Bros. 1904.

accomplishing was altogether apart from the missionary or even the educational projects which the leaders of the Church had in view, and he seems to have complained that Newman had not sufficiently answered the need. To this the letter before us replies, and therein opens to the reader's view a glimpse of the loyalty and humble submission all the while of the gentle, humble, and great Oratorian, who preferred the wish of others ever to his own in the matter of what he was to do in the cause of religion. He was asked to begin a University,—and he begins at once; he is told that the Bishops expect him to translate the Bible,—and he goes to work at once; he is told to collect money for a church at Oxford, and he does so without a word. We all know that men of such singular endowments have their own initiatives and are apt to be more successful in work inspired by their own genius than by fulfilling tasks in which their own sympathy and preoccupation are not consulted.

The second letter is rather a summary of instructions given to Father Ambrose St. John as he was about to go to Rome for a consultation with Cardinal Barnabo concerning the affairs of the Oratory. It is an admirable piece of that rare diplomacy in which firmness of purpose in securing a definite end is joined to that prudence which does not make unnecessary difficulties by asking needless questions or seeking too much interpretation of details.

"In all your conversations, correspondence, etc., recollect *Quieta non movenda* and *Qui s'excuse s'accuse.*"—"Let well enough alone," and "Make no apologies where none are expected, lest the suspicion of fault be imputed to an anxiety to clear yourself," are rules that work well in all cases where one has to deal with new situations before legislative authority.

Here are the two letters:

I.

The Oratory

Birmingham, March 19, 1865.

My dear Father Whitty, —

I thank you very much for your most kind letter, and thank you heartily for your prayers, which I value very much. It is very kind in you to be anxious about me, but, thank God, you have no need. Of course, it is a constant source of sadness to me that I have done so little for Him during a long twenty years, but then I think, and with

some comfort, that I have ever tried to act as others told me, and if I have not done more, it has been because I have not been put to do more or have been stopped when I attempted more.

The Cardinal brought me from Littlemore to Oscott; he sent me to Rome; he stationed and left me in Birmingham. When the Holy Father wished me to begin the Dublin Catholic University, I did so at once. When the Synod of Oscott gave me to do the new translation of Scripture, I began it without a word. When the Cardinal asked me to interfere in the matter of *The Rambler*, I took on myself, to my sore disgust, a great trouble and trial. Lastly, when my Bishop, *proprio motu*, asked me to undertake the Mission of Oxford, I at once committed myself to a very expensive purchase of land, and began as he wished me—to collect money for a church. In all these matters, I think (in spite of many incidental mistakes) I should, on the whole, have done a work, had I been allowed or aided to go on with them, but it has been our God's Blessed Will that I should have been stopped.

If I could get out of my mind the notion that I could do something and am not doing it, nothing could be happier, more peaceful, or more to my taste than the life I lead.

Though I have left the notice of the Catechism to the end of the letter, be sure I value it in itself and as coming from you. The Pope will be very glad to hear of the author of it.

Ever yours affectionately in Christ,

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

II.

Instructions to Fr. A. St. John, read to him, for the greater part, in G. C.

You go to Rome, first to thank Cardinal Barnabo for his and S. Cong.'s allowing us to commence an Oratory at Oxford, without leaving Birmingham. We ask no more of His Eminence than the S. C. has conceded to us.

Next you go to answer certain extrinsic objections which have been made to the Oratory being in Oxford.

The main objection is that our presence there will tend to increase the number of youths, who, in spite of the Bishops, go there. You will not be able to deny that there is some accidental danger of this kind—nay, I mentioned it myself to the Bishops soon after the Bishops had met and decided against youths going to Oxford in December, 1864. It may be observed, however, that against such an increase, whatever it may be, is to be set the advantage of the Oratory to those

Catholics who anyhow would have been sent there, though the Oratory had not been established there.

To this objection it is added, with an imputation on us personally, that we professedly prepare boys for Oxford at our school at Edgbaston. Here you will simply say that we do nothing that is not done at Stonyhurst and Oscott.

To meet this imputation on our school, I have set down notes in order to be the basis of a history of it, which you will present to Cardinal Barnabo in Italian. This narrative will be concluded with the propositions affixed to the notes, which you must get the S. Congregation to answer *affirmative* or *negative*.

To meet the general objections, whether to our school or to our Oratory, relatively to Oxford, I have made a selection of letters, etc., of the last several years, to serve as a basis of facts, which you can use according to circumstances.

In all your conversations, correspondence, etc., recollect "Quieta non movenda" and "Qui s'excuse s'accuse."

If the petition to Propaganda from a number of the laity be referred to, and it is asked whether I was party to it, answer that I had nothing to do with the writing of the petition. But I certainly did approve of their petitioning, because I thought the S. Congreg. wished to have the fullest light thrown on the state of the case, and to know as many facts as possible; and I fancied that the Roman Catholics had a special sympathy and condescension for the laymen who were zealous for religion.

If *The Chronicle* is alluded to, answer that I knew no more about it, and had no more to do with it, in the way of writing or criticising, than His Eminence himself. Newspapers have connected me with it, and I have not contradicted the report, because if I contradicted all the untrue, but important misstatements made about me, it would take up all my time.

You must boldly say that we must give up the school unless we are allowed to teach in our own way, both as regards subjects and methods of teaching, whatever be the subjects and methods of other educational bodies, and whatever be the animus and intentions of parents who place their sons in our charge.

Say nothing about the time (at which) when the Oratory takes the Oxford mission, before (that event) it has actually taken it; but, as soon as you hear from us that we are in occupation, then it may strengthen your hands to say that we are already at Oxford.

J. H. N.

Criticisms and Notes.

THE NEW KNOWLEDGE. A Popular Account of the New Physics and the New Chemistry in their Relation to the New Theory of Matter. By Robert Kennedy Duncan, Professor of Chemistry in Washington and Jefferson College. Illustrated. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1905. Pp. xviii—263.

"The world is divided," says Professor Duncan, "between men who know and cannot tell and men who tell and cannot know" (xv). He might have made a third group,—those who both know and can tell; and thus he should have found a place for himself; for, obviously, he does know and does tell. True, indeed, he seems "to know some things that ain't so." For instance, where on the next page he misinterprets the literateur who wrote of the comprehensive treatise on "The Bankruptcy of Science"; since *Brunetière* did not surely mean that "*every thing* essential and possible of knowing was known," but only that *such things* as appertain to the *ultimate* interests of man's personality. Again, Mr. Duncan appears to know more—or, rather, less—than is so, when he says that outside of "the three physical entities (matter, ether, energy), so far as we understand the physical universe, there is nothing and into which (them) the universal content of the mind of man, so far as it concerns things outside itself, may be stowed away" (p. 2). One might here submit that the First Cause is outside the said "three physical entities" and outside the human mind (in the sense in which *outside* is taken *in loco*), though one might presume that just here the author did not say precisely what he meant.

Again, another thing that "ain't so" is the statement that "according to the old scholastic conception you could, at first practically and then mentally, go on dividing any specific object into parts smaller and smaller forever and forever" (p. 9). According to the old scholastic conception, at least as held by the greatest of the Schoolmen, no "specific object can be divided forever." St. Thomas Aquinas teaches that there is a limit to the division of every *specific object*, and that, too, just where modern physics puts it, viz., at the ultimate unit of force, the smallest particle capable of activity. It is only continuous quantity, extension, in the *abstract*, that is capable of indefinite division, even as you can go on halving a (mathematical, not physical) half forever.

Still another theory that is not so, is that "Men and women, mice and elephants, the red belts of Jupiter and the rings of Saturn are one and all but ever shifting, ever varying forms of atoms" (p. 15). Whatever be the constitution of Jupiter's belts and Saturn's rings, there must be something more in men and women than swarms of atoms, however shifting and varying,—something more, for instance, in Professor Duncan, whereby he thought out the brilliant generalization just mentioned, and the one that follows: "Every mechanical work of earth, air, fire, and water, every criminal act, every human deed of love or valor: what is it all, pray, but the relation of one swarm of atoms to another? Here, for example, is a swarm of atoms, vibrating, scintillant, martial,—they call it a soldier,—and, anon, some thousands of miles away upon the South African veldt, that swarm dissolves,—dissolves, forsooth, because of another little swarm, —they call it lead. What a phantasmagoric dance it is, this dance of atoms! And what a task for the Master of Ceremonies. For mark you the mutabilities of things. These same atoms, maybe, or others like them, come together again, vibrating, clustering, interlocking, combining, and there results a woman, a flower, a blackbird, or a locust, as the case may be. But to-morrow again the dance is ended and the atoms are far away; some of them are in the fever germs that broke up the dance, others are 'the green hair of the grave,' and others are blown about the antipodes on the winds of ocean. The mutabilities of things, and likewise the tears of things: for one thing after another,—

> 'Like snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
> Lighting a little hour or two—is gone,'

and the eternal, ever-changing dance goes on. Now, whether we call the atoms God's little servants or the devil's agents, one thing is sure, —that every action of every thing, living or dead, within this bourne of time and space, is the action of one swarm of atoms on another, for without them there is but empty void. Consequently, whether we consider the atoms as the starting-place in our search for the One Thing, or whether we think of them only as the foundation of all physical action and being, they are the most important things in the world to us, for they *are* us, physically at least, and any knowledge concerning them or any relation between them has, therefore, to us poor people they condition, an interest that is tragic."

It would not be difficult to indicate some other discrepancies between statement and fact, in the book at hand, but we may fairly

attribute them to the author's enthusiasm, a quality that must not be taken too seriously. Aside, however, from these misconceptions, the work deserves the highest praise. It is full from cover to cover with most interesting descriptions of the recent discoveries and theories of physical scientists. In these days of countless means of easy communication, the experiments of the laboratory and inferences therefrom quickly become public possession, and the man on the street seems to enter at once into the wealth of the solitary toiler in the study. And yet, as Professor Duncan rightly observes, "Laymen in science who wish to follow the trend of modern discovery are limited for the most part to one of two things: either they must read the pseudo-science of the magazines, which is arranged chiefly for dramatic effect rather than for accurate exposition, or they must turn to specialized and technical works written by the discoverers themselves for their fellow-workers,—books in which technical training is taken for granted, and the lay reader, however cultured and thoughtful he may be, becomes utterly and hopelessly lost."

Now the present work, undoubtedly, pushes these laymen's limits further back. It gives the latest results of physical and chemical research into the constitution of matter,—those, viz, which concern the *ionic* composition of gases, the supposed complexity of what was heretofore regarded as the minimum particle, the atom, the marvellous properties of radium and general radio-activity. This it gives and much more that clusters around these central facts and ideas; moreover, it explains the methods whereby these results have been obtained. The layman is thus enabled, in great measure, to judge for himself in how far the theories merit his acceptance. And in this he is further aided by the explicit distinction which is kept well drawn between what seems to be ascertained fact and what still remains within the shades of more or less probability. All this goes to confirm what was said above, that the author *knows*. That he can *tell*, is manifest from the transparent style whereby the technicalities of science are made almost easy, and yet lose none of their defining values; whilst his enthusiasm, which is at times overwrought, is such as to gain and hold the reader's interest. Just how far "the new knowledge," for whose validity the author argues plausibly indeed, will abide or be altered into still newer form, it were at present rash to prophesy. At all events it is a noble acquisition and reflects splendid glory on the untiring students of science who have toiled for its conquest.

FETICHISM IN WEST AFRICA. Forty Years' Observations of Native Customs and Superstitions. By the Rev. Robert Hamill Nassau, M.D., S.T.D., author of "Crowned in Palm Land." With twelve illustrations. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Pp. 389.

Information of the kind provided by this work is to be had in abundance from the narratives of Catholic missionaries, especially the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith* and the *Illustrated Missions*.

There is probably, however, in English no other single book which treats so extensively of just that special factor of uncivilized African life to which the present work is devoted. The author's long years of residence—perhaps he insists with unnecessary frequency on the quadragintal number—amongst the African tribes, and the intimate relations in which he stood toward them, gave him exceptional opportunities of entering into their real individual, religious, and social life.

The results of this long and personal experience he here describes in a style which, if not singularly attractive, is certainly everywhere perspicuous and sufficiently graphic to be interesting. The opening chapter contains a survey of the constitution of native African society,—its domestic, political, civil, and economic organization. Although necessarily brief, it suffices to introduce the main subject. Indeed, it might not have suffered from still further brevity; for some of the disgusting details of domestic life that characterize not the African only, but the bestial man wheresoever he dwell, might have been better omitted. The same may be proportionally said of certain customs described in the body of the book, and of some of the stories with which the volume closes. They add nothing to the historical narrative, nor to the literary merit of the work. Aside from these offensive superfluities, the book is as wholesome as it is interesting and instructive. The thoughtful reader cannot rise from its perusal without being grateful for the blessings, physical, intellectual, moral, social, as well as religious, which he owes to Christianity. The Christian apologist can gather from its pages abundant testimony confirmatory of the moral argument for the existence of God.

For although fetichism is the lowest and most degraded form in which a degenerate feeling of religion expresses itself; yet, just as do polytheism and idolatry, it too witnesses to the instinctive sense of the supernatural present in every human breast however savage, and the corresponding necessity in that feeling of realizing itself outwardly in some material symbol, even though it be a tree or a beast, a stick or a stone or a graven image.

The student also of ethnology will find in these pages a considerable amount of important material. If he approach the facts from the evolutionary avenue, he may see in them simply tentative gropings after something transcendent. But the more attentively they are studied the more hopeless appears this hypothesis, and the more imperative becomes the conviction that fetichism, with its frightful train of degrading effects, individual and social, demonstrates nothing so strongly as *degeneration*, a fallen state into which vice has dragged its votaries. Indeed, the author departs not in the least from the valid claims of sound logic, when he cautiously infers that fetichism may well be a many-headed form of diabolism; for, as he says, "It is easily possible that the fetich doctors or priestesses may be temporarily entered into by satanic power, and that some wonderful things they do and say while endowed with that power are used by the devil to blind men's minds against the truth." In the light of the facts this is no mere fancy. It seems to be the only explanation that is adequate.

Apart from an occasional expression indicating the author's lack of sympathy with things Catholic, as when he speaks of charms and amulets worn by Spanish soldiers, the work is rich in instructive and interesting matter.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE and the Life of Sacrifice in the Religious State. From the original of the Rev. S. M. Giraud, Missionary Priest of Our Lady of La Salette. Revised by the Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 500.

The one essential characteristic of the Christian life as distinguished from the worldly, the pagan, the animal life, is the spirit of sacrifice. It is the test of brotherly love; it separates in the category of motives the instincts of self-love from man's love of God above all things. In the motive that prompts sacrifice for the suffering, the helpless, the poor, lies the nobility which raises Christian charity as far above the philanthropy or altruism that gives of its abundance without giving itself, as heaven is above earth. That is and must be the creed of every true Christian, whether he live in the world or in the cloister; and Father Giraud has in a former treatise written upon this subject explicitly.[1]

The book before us is addressed more particularly to members of

[1] "The Union of the Christian with our Lord Jesus Christ in His Life of Sacrifice."

religious communities who make profession by vow of striving after the perfection which is to give to their lives a closer resemblance to the Divine Victim offering Himself on the Cross of Calvary. Religious will find here fresh stirring of motives to do what their profession bids, and the world as well as God expects them to do. The vows accepted in the Church as a solemn compact between the soldier of Christ and the King whose interests we are pledged to defend, whose name and sign we are to honor, whose commands we are not only to obey in fear and under penalty, but with a ready alacrity the example of which is calculated to stimulate zeal and love for the law in others, —these vows make conscious abandonment of our service not merely cowardice, but treason. The religious uniform, and the courtesy, and the right of way, and the honor which it commands from those outside, are but the disguise of deserters at heart, unless the wearers honestly strive to live up to the rules of the army in which they have freely enlisted in view of partaking of the King's honor and reward both here and hereafter.

Our author calls attention to the fact that the standard of religious life has been in many institutions lowered; that the religious profession is one of sacrifice, but the practice of religious is often one of indulgence; that many enter religion not to fight the honest battle of God by renunciation of self, but to have a respectable place where, if they expect to labor as they would have to do in the world, they also expect that measure of comfort to which they were accustomed in the world. This view of the religious life our author shows to be radically wrong. But he goes further; he takes up in detail the life of the religious as novice, the duties, the dangers of self-deception, the combat against the ruling passion and the faults of character, the trials, and the hopes. Thence he passes to the daily life of the professed, their individual obligations, the various aspects and difficulties, but also the consolations of community life, down to the end when the last sacrifice the religious is required to make is sealed and accepted by the Divine Spouse at the gate of death.

The counsels which the author gives are based on the sound spiritual teaching of the great founders of religious institutes, especially that of St. Francis de Sales; and when the writer of the preface states his preference for such works as the great treatise of Father Rodriguez on "Christian Perfection," and such works as those of Father Saint Jure and Father Gautrelet, he has given us a guarantee of the solidity of doctrine contained in the present volume.

SONGS OF THE OPEN. Words by Mary Grant O'Sheridan. Music by W. C. E. Seeboeck. With Decorations by Enos Benjamin Comstock and George Markley Hurst. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally and Company.

Verses from valley and hill are these,
Songs of the flowers and birds and trees,
In Nature's big book I learned them all,
As I turned the leaves from spring to fall.

Dear, wee children, wherever you are,
Looking at blossom or bird or star,
Nature has room in her heart for you,
And will teach you the songs in her big book too.

Such is, in the author's own words, the scope and purpose of this collection of poetic flowers, spread over broad white leaves with pretty and thoughtfully decorated margins, that tell the stories of the songs set to the melodious rhythms which childhood loves. The author is a student of nature and she has the simple art of attracting the young by interpreting to them its secrets. There are songs of the Easter Lily and of the Dew Drop and of the Grass People, songs of the Birds in Spring and for Ploughing time, a May Song and a Rain Song, a Valentine and a Fire Song, a song about Saint Francis of Assisi, and a Morning Prayer in sweet melody. It is a book to put on the piano, to gladden the children with melodies at once beautiful and instructive, on Eastermorn, or Christmastide, or any day when you would bestow on them a gift that God could approve.

VIGILS WITH JESUS. By the Rev. John I. Whelan. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. 1905. Pp. 94.

The instability of human nature demands occasional variations in the means we adopt to draw and turn it to God's service and love. Even our approved devotions with their wealth of graces in the form of Indulgences are in danger of becoming mechanical operations, which awaken no appeal to the Divine mercy and often effect a mistaken sense of satisfaction as if we had done our share of duty to God, whereas we are simply turning a sort of prayer-wheel the sound of whose rotation stimulates our spiritual vanity and pharisaical pride. This is the besetting danger of "religious" community life in which everything is done according to rule; for whilst the rule is excellent and necessary, the vivifying spirit which makes its observance fruitful and meritorious must be sought in the deeper motives which, as I said,

need a certain variety of urging to be kept alive. The little volume, *Vigils with Jesus*, is an outcome of spiritual experience in this direction. It conceives the soul in its ordinary attitude approaching the Tabernacle, in order to talk quietly with the Gentle Master there hidden behind the veil, of its desires and its hopes, its loves and its fears. The talks are commonplace in their way, but they have a special value inasmuch as they suggest a way of praying before the Blessed Sacrament which removes the strain of artificial routine and makes us think and feel as children in the house of our Father, to whom we may go not merely to pay homage and pray in mortified reverence, but to talk familiarly without forgetting our dependence on Him. This method of visiting the Blessed Sacrament is suggested in the life of the holy Curé of Ars, who was much edified on seeing a poor man habitually come to the church after his daily toil, sitting quietly and gazing at the Tabernacle. "What do you say to our Lord, my good man," asked the Curé one day, "during those hours which you spend before the altar?" "I say nothing," replied the simple peasant, "I only look at Him and He looks at me, and I know He loves me and understands my wants." The chief thing is to go there and to raise one's heart in silent aspirations, whatever thoughts may come to lead us to this.

Recent Popular Books.

The purpose of the RECENT POPULAR BOOKS department is to give information to Catholic readers regarding the scope and character of new books likely to attract attention. While we deem it our duty to point out whatever is of an unhealthy tone or tendency in current fashionable literature and thus to guard the Catholic reader against it, we do not wish to be understood as recommending books which may be *characterized* by us without protest or criticism inasmuch as they maintain a neutral attitude toward faith and morals. It will be sufficient for consistent Catholics to know that certain books serve no better special purpose than to pass time, and that, however interestingly they may be written, or however much appreciated by a worldly-minded society, they are best known, not by being read, but through a brief unbiased notice of their contents and aim. Books that are elevating and helpful in the education of mind and heart, even when not written by authors professedly Catholic, will receive special and favorable criticism in our department of CRITICISMS AND NOTES. Popular works from Catholic pens are, *as a rule*, sufficiently discussed in our periodicals to dispense THE DOLPHIN from anything beyond a notice of them, since it should be understood that Catholics will acquire such books for their libraries.

Adventures among Books: Andrew Lang. *Longmans.* $1.60 *net.*

Seventeen critical papers dealing with authors of many nations, sometimes singly, sometimes grouped under subjects. Holmes, Hawthorne, Stevenson, Morris, and Dr. John Brown are among the modern authors discussed at length, some personal recollections of the first four being given, and

the "Confessions" of St. Augustine, and an Homeric topic are the most important subjects among the papers devoted to elder authors. All the articles are written from a full mind, and abound in clever allusion and reference.

Amanda of the Mill: Marie Van Vorst. *Dodd.* $1.50.

Life in a Southern mill is the novelty of this story, and it is treated rather with ill-will for the employer lacking humaneness than with sympathy for the working-folk, upon whose lack of cleanliness and of good looks the author dwells excessively, and whose dialect she presents by some extraordinary combinations of letters. Nevertheless, she exhibits a truthful picture of the Southern mountaineers as they appear during their first experience of modern conditions of labor, and of refinements unknown to their simple homes.

Apple of Eden: E. Temple Thurston. *Dodd.* $1.50.

The author, apparently a Protestant layman, tries to tell in detail the story of a priest's temptation, and of the counsel given him by an elder priest, the sum and substance of whose teaching is leniency toward one's faults. If the general subject could be made tolerable in fiction, it becomes intolerable when treated with unreserved frankness, and is made even less agreeable by the futility of the presented causes for the final repentance. The presentation of the sin rather than a study of its effects seems to be the chief intention of the story.

As the World Goes By: Elizabeth Welland Brooks. *Little.* $1.50.

The heroine's mother, an actress, lives apart from her husband, devoted to preserving and heightening her reputation, subordinating everything else to that aim. With great deliberation, the story moves through a series of scenes in which the life of the studio, the stage and certain high-minded New Yorkers of good family are displayed, and also some amazing specimens of the varieties of Asiatic heathenism adopted by persons who find Christianity incredible. Perfect freedom from the smallest trace of current vulgarities of speech makes the book agreeable, although its manner and style are those of an earlier generation.

At the Foot of the Rockies: Carter Goodloe. *Scribner.* $1.50.

Clever short stories of adventure among Canadian frontiersmen and Indians controlled by English methods, and differing in certain ways from those subjected to American civil and military influence. In spite of the ever-present danger, the Briton's firm determination to lead a Briton's life, sports and social diversion included, leads to many humorous situations and the book is thoroughly amusing.

Bishop's Niece: George H. Pickard. *Turner.* $1.50.

The Protestant author sees nothing but comedy when a young man intended for the priesthood falls in love with a Protestant girl

and his sister falls in love with a Methodist minister, but busies himself in bringing their loves to what he regards as the one happy ending, marriage, contriving to reconcile the father of the Catholics and also their uncles, the bishop of the book's title, and an abbot. The author's perfect innocence of the principles governing the cases is accompanied by an evident wish to make his bishop very admirable, and thus he will seem to Protestants, although really incredible.

Breath of the Gods: Author of "Truth Dexter." *Little.* $1.50.

A white man's love for a Japanese girl, a matter hitherto treated in fiction as kindly condescension on his part, appears in this book as a temptation to be repulsed in the joint name of patriotism and filial piety, and the French and American incapacity to understand Japanese feeling is placed in a highly unflattering light. The story begins with pleasant American frivolity, but soon becomes serious, and at last very finely tragic, ending nobly according to Japanese standards, heroically, according to any scale of judgment.

Brothers: Horace Annesley Vachell. *Dodd.* $1.50.

The younger brother, barred from the pulpit by an incurable stammer, gives his brother a wonderful sermon which wins him promotion and the hand of the woman whom both love, and for some years misfortune follows the younger while the elder prospers, with his assistance as to sermons. Then the wife, who has always loved the younger man, discovers the deceit, and would elope with him did she not happen to find and read a copy of the sermon. It recalls her to her better self and thereafter both find happiness in duty. This is the author's best work.

Charles the Chauffeur: S. E. Kiser. *Stokes.* $1.00.

A coarse and conceited motor-driver is here seen in a state of chronic misunderstanding of his employer, a gentlewoman whom he fondly supposes to love him; the last chapter leaves him without a place, and separated from the honest servant who really cared for him.

Children of Good Fortune: C. H. Henderson. *Houghton.* $1.30 *net.*

The author's conclusion is that only the moral man is fortunate, and he makes morals include the practice of religion, on the ground that he whose belief does not affect his conduct is immoral. He extends the field of morals to include many other subjects giving excellent advice, but he does not recognize the existence of the Church in the commonly accepted sense of the word, nor does he admit its necessity. Pleasantly stimulating for the enlightened, the book is dangerous for the shallow, the discontented, and the sceptical, but may be counted as a good influence among those reared without religion.

Christian Ministry: Lyman Abbott. *Houghton.* $1.50 *net.*

This volume includes the substance of two series of lectures delivered before Congregationalist theological seminaries and of articles contributed to periodicals. It is valuable to students of Protestantism, because it shows exactly where the spiritual sons of Jonathan Edwards now stand.

Courier of Fortune: Arthur W. Marchmont. *Stokes.* $1.50.

The hero, going in disguise to inquire into abuses said to exist in a certain ill-governed city, immediately rescues a fair lady from certain ill-mannered soldiers, embroils himself with the governor of the city, and entangles himself in more and more troubles until the requisite number of pages is filled, when immediately the wicked perish and happiness falls on the virtuous. This is not an historical novel.

Curly: Roger Pocock. *Little.* $1.50.

The author, telling the story of a group of cowboys and a company of robbers, writes in cowboy dialect, and after describing a courageous young robber transforms him into a heroine, and in due time marries her to the hero, after this he breaks up the gang of robbers, and sends her across the ocean to the Irish castle inherited by the hero from his exiled father. The tale has no probability whatsoever, but is funnily absurd.

Essays in Puritanism: Andrew Macphail. *Houghton.* $1.50 *net.*

The author includes John Wesley, Methodist, Margaret Fuller, Unitarian, and Walt Whitman, pretended free-thinking poet, in the group with Jonathan Edwards, Calvinist, and John Winthrop, Puritan. He seems to have chosen his subject from dislike and finds that no one of his characters attained his standard of puritan perfection, but he writes entertainingly.

Fond Adventures: Maurice Hewlett. *Harper.* $1.50.

Stories very carefully written in English, impartially chosen from many centuries, and painfully describing the acts and words of personages collected from a corresponding range of time. These tales represent the present development of the æsthetic craze, as it appears in the work of men who in youth felt its impress and that of the erotic craze and fancied both to be art.

Free Opinions Freely Expressed: Marie Corelli. *Dodd.* $1.50.

Plain and violent statements of the author's dislikes, and angry, undignified condemnation of persons who do not admire her work.

Grapple: Anonymous. *Page.* $1.50.

A mine owner who began life as a miner is the hero, and the title refers to his struggle with the miners' union for the control of his fortune and his property. His arguments, addressed to his friends and enemies, are strong and have not before been presented in a novel, and the story is clever and well arranged.

Hester of the Grants: Theodora Peck. *Fox.* $1.50.

The battle of Bennington is the climax of the story which has a good heroine, and presents many historical characters very well, but abounds in misused words and anachronisms.

Justin Wingate, Ranchman: John H. Whitson. *Little.* $1.50.

A biographical novel, showing the simultaneous growth of a boy of unknown parentage and the improvement of a valley in the Far West. The political and agricultural matters are well described, but the feminine side of the book is either colorless or wrongly colored.

Knot of Blue: W. R. A. Wilson. *Little.* $1.50.

A melodrama exhibiting poisoning, hypnotism, suicide, plots to make an honest man appear a traitor, a desperate villain in disguise and an old servant with a wrong to redress. The scene is Quebec in the last days of French possession; but the story is in no sense historical or instructive.

Lodestar: Sidney R. Kennedy. *Macmillan.* $1.50.

The story is pure comedy, and takes its name from a pretty girl who for a time is the centre of attraction for an elderly millionaire, a young man of business, and a successful novelist, besides absorbing much of the attention of the millionaire's daughter, who loves the novelist.

Modern Utopia: H. G. Wells. *Scribner.* $1.50.

The author contends that the modern Utopia should differ from all elder ideal countries in embodying all the best and highest conceptions of the newest thought, and he works out his plan very earnestly, without humor. The book deserves serious attention but, like "The Children of Good Fortune," is not to be commended to the thoughtless, or to the ignorant.

Morals of Marcus Ordlyne: W. J. Locke. *Lane.* $1.50.

The sudden deaths of many kinsmen transforms an underpaid schoolmaster into a baronet and soon after he encounters a friendless girl who has ignorantly left the Egyptian home of her Mohammedan stepfather only to be deserted by her English abductor as soon as they land in London. The baronet gives her a home and a governess and she elopes with the only other man whom she knows, and when she returns, displaying some rudimentary signs of a conscience and gratitude, her benefactor marries her. The humor of the encounters between his theories of propriety and her ignorance of all English standards of speech and action is considerable.

Mr. Pennycook's Boy: J. J. Bell. *Harper.* $1.25.

This series of short stories with conversations in Glasgow dialect introduces "Wee MacGreegor" whom age does not in the least change or improve and adds a few other new personages

of similar triviality. The humor is very mild and the dialect very strong.

Mrs. Jim and Mrs. Jimmie: "Stephen Conrad." *Page.* $1.25.

American village worthies figure in these stories, singly and in groups, and the heroine of "The Second Mrs. Jim" relates their doings. The tales are kindly, and inculcate kindness of the shrewd variety, the chief speaker detesting weakness and indolence, and neither preaching nor practising toleration of them.

New Paolo and Francesca: Annie E. Holdsworth. *Dodd.* $1.50.

The heroine is a young person much exercised in mind because her eyes and mouth do not smile together, but determined, in spite of her love for a handsome young man, to marry his brother, to whom her dead father betrothed her. After marriage her husband suspects her of misconduct and not long after she deliberately places herself in a dangerous position and perishes with the younger brother who tries to rescue her. The story does not resemble its author's former books.

On the Firing Line: Anna Chapin Ray and Hamilton Brock Fuller. *Little.* $1.50.

A Canadian drilled man, an admirable rough-rider, goes to South Africa to volunteer as a private in the British service and on the voyage becomes acquainted with the girl who is the heroine. The book is excellently written, and much better as a whole than the average English story of the war.

Partners of the Tide: Joseph C. Lincoln. *Barnes.* $1.50.

The penniless little hero is tenderly reared by his eccentric but benevolent aunts, learning worldliness and nautical wisdom from Captain Ezra Titcomb, who is resolutely determined not to marry either lady although both fancy him to be enamored of one. The boy goes to sea with his mentor, persuades him not to indulge in a piece of nautical sharp practice, and becomes his partner and the tide's in the business of raising wrecks. The book is written with great spirit and abounds with humor expressed in accurately spelled New England dialect and plain English.

Prince to Order: Charles Stokes Wayne. *Lane.* $1.50.

A young man awakens one morning to discover that he has been transformed from an American stock-broker into the Crown Prince of a petty kingdom, and transported to Paris from New York. His readjustment to his new position and his extrication from it, and resumption of his proper duties and pleasures make the story, which is uncommonly entertaining.

Purple Parasol: George Barr McCutcheon. *Dodd.* $1.50.

A young lawyer sent by his firm to prevent the flight of a married woman from her husband

mistakes an innocent girl for her, because she carries a purple parasol, one of the articles mentioned to him as indicating the woman with whom he is concerned. A somewhat stiff little farce leading to an easily foreseen end follows.

Rice Papers: H. L. Norris. *Longmans.* $1.50.

Brief stories presenting Chinese character in a light far more attractive than is commonly shed upon it, but still not disguising that racial indifference to suffering which causes so much suffering. The author has studied his subjects in China.

Rose of the World: Agnes and Egerton Castle. *Stokes.* $1.50.

The "Rose" is the widow of a young English soldier, killed in an Indian border war, and the wife of a middle-aged, pompous and silly Governor, and the story begins with the appearance of the dead man's comrade desirous of obtaining material for his biography. While surveying her dead husband's papers, her love for him is renewed and redoubled, and his reappearance in the flesh is pleasing to her and all the other personages, the Governor excepted. The ordinary vivacity of the authors is carefully reduced to placidity and the story just misses dulness.

Sandy: Alice Hegan Rice. *Century.* $1.50.

A poor immigrant boy is fascinated by the beauty and kindness of a girl seen on the steamer bringing him to this country, and his whole life is bent on making himself worthy in the world's eyes to marry her. He succeeds, after some extraordinary events. The story is free from "Cabbage Patch" traits, and both girl and lover are characters worth drawing.

Sanna: M. E. Waller. *Harper.* $1.50.

This book is an American island romance in which the lives of rich and poor are curiously intertwined. The former are pleasantly pictured, the latter are slightly overdrawn and have a Devonshire dialect much out of place in these United States. Prolixity and such vulgarities as "rowed for all he was worth" are the great faults of the book, which is strangely unlike its author's earlier work.

Sunset Trail: Alfred Henry Lewis. *Barnes.* $1.50.

The familiar subject of life in a Western town in its revolver stage of existence is here treated with some audacity, and often with some humor, but always with stiffness. Moreover, one's faith in the author's accuracy is rudely shocked by a paragraph in the preface describing Winthrop, Standish, Bradford and Alden as "landing on Plymouth Rock."

Troll Garden: Willa Sybert Cather. *McClure.* $1.50.

Short stories, each depicting its personages in uncommon surroundings or in the performance of uncommon deeds; they are fanciful, rather than imaginative, less grotesque than the title implies, but they have the air of being studies rather than serious work.

Van Suyden Sapphires: Charles Carey. *Dodd.* $1.50.

An impoverished lady, persuaded by an actress to aid her in a plot to obtain advertisement rom a sham robbery, finds herself n intimate relations with a remarkable concourse of thieves and detectives assembled in consequence of a real robbery. The story is too loosely knit, but has some good passages.

Vicissitudes of Evangeline: Elinor Glyn. *Harper.* $1.50.

An unwholesome young person reared in luxury, finding herself in comparative poverty assumes an air of sweet simplicity and tells all whom she meets that she is going to be an adventuress, and keeps her word, although she does not transgress conventionalities. She is successful in marrying.

Wild Wings: Herbert Keightley Job. *Houghton.* $3.00 *net.*

This book has 160 illustrations and decorations from admirable photographs of birds living in wild regions and seldom seen. The text describes the adventures encountered in obtaining the pictures and also as many of the ways of the birds as they will permit a stranger to observe. Herons, man-of-war birds, flamingoes, petrels, ibises and Florida cormorants are among the rareties; hawks, owls and some northern shore birds are added. The volume is printed and bound as a gift-book, and contains an introductory letter from the President.

Literary Chat.

The Month (London) for May has some exquisite bits of real literature; indeed, the articles of our English sister magazine always are such as bear permanent reading. This characteristic is indicated somewhat by the fact that three of the articles are continuations of serials—in contrast with the "short story" methods of the popular ephemeral magazines—"The Battle of the Schools in Belgium," "Japan and Christianity," and E. Gerard's story, "Honor's Glassy Bubble." Father Sidney Smith writes in his fine direct way on "The Welsh Revival," pointing out that these emotional paroxysms of the populace have nothing durable in them, except that they swell the medical reports of lunacy and hysteria cases. "As Easy as Lying," exposes some religious and pretended historical fakes, such as a tract by the Rev. J. Brown, Baptist minister, *Why I am no longer a Roman Catholic.* The answer, says the editor of *Flotsam and Jetsam*, is easy: "because Mr. Mayer never was one."

But there is a little sketch of Italian life by L. E. Dobrée entitled "Among the Saucepans," from which we take the liberty to quote a few passages, because they throw an unusually true light upon the Italian character, a character rarely understood or rightly appreciated by the foreigner, especially from the northern countries. The scene lies in Florence, where a Signora Durani, a lady whose reduced circumstances necessitated her taking a few boarders, lodges with her aged Italian servant

Filomena, the heroine of the saucepans. Filomena was the Signora's right-hand, and a more faithful creature could not have been found. The two other servants knew there was no escape from her argus eye. Oreste, the general factotum of the establishment, who was her nephew, she took good care did not waste his time, or give himself airs consequent on having lately bought a suit of black, which he wore to serve the evening dinner, his rough hands encased in white gloves, the finger ends of which were an inch too long.

She told him he was an *imbecile*, when he had smilingly said "yes" to the query of an English lady, as to whether there was oil in the food. Her scolding on that occasion made a deep impression on him; and though he knew oil by the flask was used in the cookery, he henceforward assured all inquirers that nothing but butter entered into the making of any dish. "Put a piece of butter on a hot plate, you *asino*—and doesn't it turn into oil?" Well, then, it's all the same thing, *ma che*. I should think so! The *forestieri* would eat nothing if they thought there was the good oil in the food, so let them think it's butter. The saints don't trouble themselves about a little tale like that, and they know the Signora has to make a living!

"Filomena took the boarders, who were usually American and English, metaphorically under her wing, boasting proudly, and to a certain extent truthfully, that to her many of them owed their first lesson in Italian. When she brought them their first breakfast taken in their rooms, she used to stay a little, amusing herself teaching them the names of the objects about the room. To her they were interesting specimens of humanity, requiring so much water, eating cold butter for breakfast, insisting on tidily arranged trays, and various other foolish things, but, *pazienza!*—they were the means whereby the Signora lived, and after all they had their good qualities. Filomena had a vigorous Tuscan accent and changed all the c's into h's, as her pupils discovered sooner or later."

"On some week-days Filomena would look into one of the beautiful churches, with their dim frescoes, shining marbles, and rich shrines, and she would hear '*un po' di messa*,' or else kneel awhile before the *Santissimo*, or have a little talk with the *Madonna Santa*, or her favorite saint. She would exchange loud whispers with any old crony near, and the news which interested both would be told between the well-worn beads of her rosary. The whole surroundings spoke of heavenly things to the tired old servant, who when a faint cluck from the much enduring fowl hanging by its legs from her arm, suggested household cares, would sigh, take up her basket and the day's burden as well, then after a copious splashing with holy water would make her way across the bridge and up the crowded irregular streets till she reached home."

"Filomena went to Mass on Sundays and days of obligation most faithfully, she made her *Pasqua* regularly all her life, she could neither read nor write, but her life was lived in direct touch with heavenly things. Seldom did she forget her *Angelus Domini*, or fail to remember the dead when the *De Profundis* bell rang at one hour of the night. On Fridays when the raucous sound of the church bell tolled at three o'clock in the memory of the Redeemer's death, she thought of it too. Now and

then, say in Advent or Lent, or during the novena of a popular saint, she would find time to run in and hear a little of the sermon or join in some of the prayers. When she listened to words about *Gesù* and His Holy Mother her heart was warmed, and when she heard of the wonderful things the saints and good people had done she felt a longing to do something too! There were desires and aspirations in her soul, which asserted themselves pretty often, and these are never lost, for on those who hunger and thirst after justice is a blessing pronounced by the Eternal Word Himself."

"As for alms, she sighed as she reflected that beyond an odd *soldo* to a beggar she gave none. In her simplicity and humility she never thought that serving her poor mistress for scanty wage and spending a large share of the latter to help a blind sister, were alms golden and great! Like all who do much she desired to do more, for only those who do little for God and for Him in others, ever rest satisfied. The *Pasqua delle noci* in autumn one year found the house filling almost as soon as the Signora had returned from a brief *villeggiatura* at Via Reggio, whither she, with the two black poodles, Stella and Sole, had betaken herself."

"One Sunday morning, after the parochial Mass in the little church near, where Filomena had stood packed and squeezed with no room to move, much less to kneel, she met a girl she knew who was going to try her vocation as a Carmelite. Marianina's face was full of light and joy, and Filomena listened while she told her of the life she expected to lead.

"'*Ma che*,' said Filomena, 'it's a good thing there are some to pray so much while we *poverine* have to work! *Però—Gesù* isn't to be found only in the cloisters, my girl, *Grazie a Dio*!'"

"'Did you ever hear of Martha and Mary?'

"Marianina nodded.

"'Well, they were sisters, and one day some one said to *Gesù: There's Martha working all day and hardly gives any time to praying, and there's Mary who is always praying; why don't you tell Martha to pray more?* Well, and what do you think *Gesù* said?' inquired Filomena, not waiting for an answer.

"'He said, said *Gesù*, '*You just let Martha alone; she will find Me among the saucepans!*' and Filomena nodded adieu to Marianina, crossed the road to the house, and as she did so she reflected that her memory was really very good, for it was forty years or more since she had heard those good words in a *fervorino* preached at the First Communion of her little niece."

Filomena, in course of time, got ill with the influenza, and the Signora had to get a new cook. This time it was a man whom the Contessa Grazzini would spare her during her absence for some months in Naples. "Before Filomena's mind was the prospect of seeing another person in her kitchen who might not be submissive like Pia. However, there was no help for it and *vediamo!* perhaps he would be very glad to learn how to cook some of her favorite dishes and make *pomidoro* sauce as she flattered herself few could do. . . . Next day when Giovanni, white-capped, spick and span, arrived and found Filomena in the kitchen, he very quickly intimated that he knew his business, required no instructions, and intended to be

master. It was a condescension on his part he told her, to come to a *pensione* at all, and——— '*Pensione!*' exclaimed Filomena. 'This is not a *pensione*, the Signora just takes a few ladies and gentlemen to.' ———Giovanni shrugged his shoulders, and turning his back on Filomena, called Oreste to help him then and there to turn out the kitchen, for he would cook nothing in such a dirty place."

"Filomena never mentioned Giovanni's name, but allowed Oreste and Ersilia to tell her all that went on, though it roused her anger to hear it. The entire kitchen had been turned out, cleaned, and the dogs forbidden, to their astonishment, to enter it. The cook gave great satisfaction to the boarders; as for economy, why, he spent even less than she did at the market, making *polpetti* of veal which he called chicken, no one at the table being any the wiser. The way in which he used *lesso* (meat from which soup has been made), turning it to account in many ways,—well, that was wonderful!"

"Sometimes she was alarmed by the strength of her dislike, for she felt that she could have killed him. However, *a Dio piacente*, he would be gone by the *festa* of San Zenobio, when everyone buys, sells, or wears roses in honor of the protector of Florence, but ere he went there was something to be done. How could she make her *Pasqua della Risurrezione*—as Easter is called in Florence—if she were not at peace with all? The custom of shaking hands with everyone in the house on Easter Day was always kept up by the conservative Signora, and those who had offended or were at variance, begged pardon, made friends, in honor of the Easter peace; what could she do then? For Filomena knew well she must turn out of her heart the bitterness, the lack of charity, the fierce jealousy—and that was no easy task—ere she knelt to receive the Holy One."

"She could never like Giovanni, but that she was not required to do. Only that general fraternal love, so opposed to all she now was experiencing, would have to be in her will, would and must affect her actions if she would have the right dispositions for receiving her Lord in Holy Communion. Her own words regarding finding our Lord 'among the saucepans' returned to her mind, and she smiled at the way in which they were literally coming true! She had longed to do something great for God—something difficult—well, here it was; work so interior, so hidden from mortal eye, and yet so extremely valuable. It needed many prayers, continued efforts, beads told over and over again, until much more was effected by these means than at one time she would have believed possible."

The current *New Shakespeareana* (Quarterly, Westfield, N. J.) is almost entirely devoted to a discussion of the four recently discovered signatures of Shakespeare, of which facsimiles are given, together with facsimiles of all the previously known signatures, making an interesting collection of chirographic moods.

The *Dublin Review* for April contains an interesting paper by Miss J. M. Stone on "Queen Elizabeth's Jailor." Readers of English History will recall that while Queen Mary was on the throne, the Princess Elizabeth was confined in the Tower and at Woodstock, on suspicion of being criminally participant in the Sir Thomas Wyatt rebellion. Elizabeth's keeper was Sir Henry Bedingfeld of Oxburgh, whose letters form the principal content of the article. His manner of treating the royal

prisoner was such as to have gained for him from herself the title of "trusty and well beloved"; nevertheless English historical tradition, following the lead of Foxe, the bigoted author of the English "Martyr Acts," has allowed his character to be blackened.

Tennyson, the late English Poet Laureate, in his dramatic poem *Queen Mary*, has followed the common tradition, discarding only the more malicious interpretation of Bedingfeld's motives. Against Tennyson's repetition of this grotesque presentation the then living descendant, father of the present Baron Bedingfeld, wrote an indignant protest in the course of which he said: "Numerous documents in my possession, including letters from the Sovereign, from the Privy Council, and from the most eminent men of the time would prove, were such proof required, the high position held by Sir Henry."

Lord Tennyson replied as follows: "Sir,—Your letter arrived when I was abroad, else would have been answered at once; and, therefore, I waited till the play should be announced for acting. I had made your ancestor an honest gentleman, though a rough one, as I found him reported to be, whether that were true or no; and I regret that you should have been pained by my representation of him. Now in deference to your wishes his name is not once mentioned on the stage, and he is called in the play bills merely 'Governor of Woodstock.' Moreover, I have inserted a line in Elizabeth's part, 'But, girl, you wrong a noble gentleman.'—I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient servant, A. TENNYSON."

In spite, however, of the best intentions on the part of the author, the American edition of the play (Edit. John M. Kingdom), priding itself on being "the only unmutilated version," preserves the exact wording of the poem as previously written. "Thus," says Miss Stone, "has history ever been medicated to suit the prejudices of the ignorant and the uncritical."

There appears in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly* a remarkable article by Alvan F. Sanborn on the political action of the French ministry during the past year. The writer does not hesitate to stigmatize the atheistic aims of Freemasonry in France, and shows forth the attacks of M. Combes and his abettors against Rome to have been characterized by injustice in their end and ruthless malice in method. It is a good sign that so high a literary authority should speak thus frankly and throw the weight of its unbiassed judgment into the balance of public opinion in America. Few spokesmen of New England sentiment have ever ventured to be as free from traditional bias in their utterances as has been the *Atlantic*, even when its argument was against the Church as she walked in the light of public sentiment.

Father Bonvin's reply to Mr. Markoe's strictures in the *Freeman's Journal* is not so convincing by the peculiar logic employed as the Father's assured tone would lead the non-critical reader to assume. The best part of the argument made by the gifted musical priest is contained in this passage of his answer: "The critic's (Mr. Markoe's) misconceptions are, I believe, partly due to a disarrangement of several pages in the first edition of the *Messenger*." We venture to say that no arrangement of pages can undo the strange sentiments expressed by Father Bonvin, to which we refer in the current issue of THE ECCLESIASTICAL REVIEW. What he says may be good melody, but it is certainly not good philosophy.

The Benedictine Fathers of *Conception Abbey* (Missouri) have arranged for two courses in Gregorian Chant during the summer months, in which they will teach the Solesmes method—the theory of Rhythm and Harmonization. The courses offer opportunities for discussion and assistance at the monastic services in which the chant is executed.

The education of the Catholic Colleges in the United States will prove its efficiency in proportion to the actual interest taken by Catholic laymen in the intellectual and religious life of our nation. One evidence of this efficiency is given in the publication of two apologetic works, recently, from the pen of Catholic lawyers. One of these is Judge Frank McGloin, of the St. Louis Courts, already known to the reading public by several volumes on subjects of ethics and historic fiction. His *The Light of Faith* (B. Herder) deals with fundamental principles of religion, from the science point of view, that is, the proof of the existence of God, contrasted with the sophisms of modern speculation. The other writer is Edward J. Maginnis, a member of the Schuylkill County Bar, who takes the reader before the tribunal of common sense, where the claims of the Catholic Church are tried in regular juridical fashion. The book is entitled *The Church of God on Trial before the Tribunal of Reason* (Christian Press Association, New York). It is a somewhat novel but for that reason an all the more effective way of inquiry into the merits of the Catholic Church.

Books Received.

THEOLOGICAL AND ASCETICAL.

THE SACRIFICE OF THE MASS. An Historical and Doctrinal Inquiry into the Nature of the Eucharistic Sacrifice. By the Very Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D., V.G. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. 1905. Pp. 117. Price, $0.60; by mail, $0.66.

JÉSUS-CHRIST et les Prophéties Messianiques d'après les Travaux les plus récents. Par Chanoine V. Caillard, Vicaire général honoraire de Tours. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1905. Pp. xxxii—477.

HOLY OBEDIENCE; or, Three Exhortations about the Vow of Obedience for Religious. Pp. 31.

VIGILS WITH JESUS. By the Rev. John I. Whelan. New York: The Cathedral Library Association. 1905. Pp. x—94.

THE LAST DAYS OF JESUS. By Mother M. Loyola. London: R. and T. Washbourne; New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Price, $0.15.

SKELETON SERMONS. For the Sundays and Holidays in the Year. By John B. Bagshawe, D.D., late Canon Penitentiary of Southwark. Second impression. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd. 1905. Pp. 239. Price, $1.00.

CERTAINTY IN RELIGION. By the Rev. Henry H. Wyman, C.S.P. New York: The Columbus Press. 1905. Pp. 119.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER OF JESUS. *Mary in Faith; Mary in Scripture; Mary in Art; Mary in Song.* By James C. Byrne, W. H. Cologan, Eliza Allen Starr, respectively (first, second, and third divisions), and the fourth, selected. Brooklyn, N. Y.: International Catholic Truth Society. Pp. 40. Price, $0.05 each; $3.00 per 100.

THE RIGHTS OF OUR LITTLE ONES, or First Principles of Education. In Catechetical Form. By the Rev. James Conway, S.J. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 52. Price, $0.15.

THE LIGHT OF FAITH. A Defence, in Brief, of Fundamental Christian Truths. By Frank McGloin, Author of *Norodom, King of Cambodia; The Conquest of Europe*, etc. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 285. Price, $1.00 *net.*

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

LES INFILTRATIONS PROTESTANTES et l'Exégèse du Nouveau Testament. Par l'Abbé J. Fontaine. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1905. Pp. xvi–510. Prix, 3 francs 50.

DER JAKOBUSBRIEF UND SEIN VERFASSER, in Schrift und Ueberlieferung. (X. Band, 1–3 Heft: *Biblische Studien.*) Von Dr. Max Meinertz. Freiburg im Breisgau, Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 323. Price, $1.90 *n.t.*.

MOSES UND DER PENTATEUCH. (*Biblische Studien:* X. Band, 4. Heft.) Von Gottfried Hoberg. Freiburg im Breisgau, Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 124. Price, $0.75 *net.*

THE MESSIANIC HOPE IN THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Shailer Mathews, of the Department of Systematic Theology. (*The Decennial Publications:* Second Series, Volume XII.) Chicago: The University of Chicago Press. 1905. Pp. 338. Price, $2.50 *net.*

PHILOSOPHY.

SOCIALISM AND CHRISTIANITY. By the Rt. Rev. William Stang, D.D., Bishop of Fall River. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: Benziger Brothers. 1905. Pp. 207. Price, $1.00 *net.*

LEHRBUCH DER NATIONALÖKONOMIE. Von Heinrich Pesch, S.J. Erster Band. Grundlegung. Freiburg im Breisgau, Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 485. Price, $3.25 *net.*

ON THE NECESSITY OF RELIGION IN EDUCATION. And Many Objections thereto Answered and Illustrated. By the Rev. Joseph J. O'Connell, Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Port Carbon, Pa. Pottsville, Pa.: Chronicle Publishing Co. 1905. Pp. 86. Price, single copies, $0.10; per hundred copies, $6.00.

DIX-NEUVIÈME SIÈCLE. Esquisses Littéraires et Morales. Troisième Période (1850–1900)—Positivisme, Naturalisme, L'Époque, Sainte-Beuve, Renan, Taine, Le Poésie, Le Drame. Par R. P. G. Longhaye, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1905. Pp. 448. Prix, 3 francs 50.

HISTORICAL.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION for the Year 1903. Volume I. Washington: Government Printing Office. 1905. Pp. cvii—1216.

HÉLÈNE DE JAURIAS, Sœur de Charité. L'Héroïne du Pé-Tang. Par Henri Mazeau. Avec une Lettre-Préface de L'Admiral de Cuverville, Ancien Chef d'État, Major-Général de la Marine, Sénateur du Finistère. Paris: Victor Retaux. 1905. Pp. xvii—366. Prix, 3 francs 50.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE PHILADELPHIA THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF ST. CHARLES BORROMEO. 1832–1905. Overbrook, Penna. 1905. Pp. 125. Price, cloth, $0.85; morocco, $1.00.

DIE APOLOGETISCHEN BESTREBUNGEN DES BISCHOFS HUET VON AVRANCHES. Historisch und kritisch gewürdigt. Von Nep. Espenberger, Doktor der Theologie und Philosophie. Freiburg im Breisgau, Wien, Strassburg, München und St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1905. Pp. 103. Price, $0.50 *net.*

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